

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

VOL. XXXII NO. 18

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY OCTOBER 7, 1911

JUDGE R. H. TERRELL

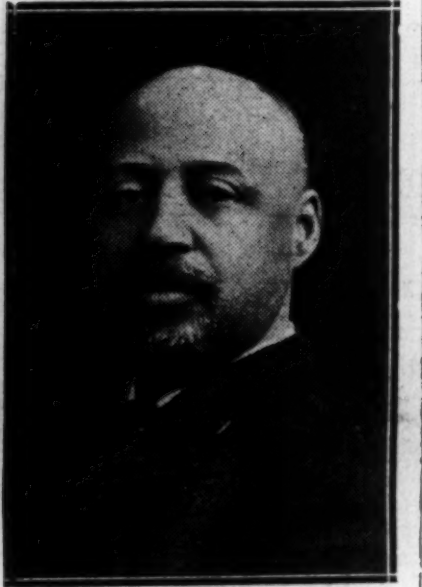
Guest of Honor at Banquet
Tendered by Citizens

CHARLESTON, W. VA. HONORS

Washington Jurist Royally Entertained
by Citizens and Makes Brilliant
Response to Compliments Paid Him

From the Charleston, W. Va., Leader.
Judge Robert H. Terrell, of the
Municipal Court, of the District of
Columbia, was the guest of honor at
a banquet tendered him by the lead-
ing citizens of Charleston last Thurs-
day evening and was most royally en-
tertained. Judge Terrell was in-
vited to the city to deliver an address
at the Emancipation Day celebration
which took place in this city on the
22d inst. at the beautiful Edgewood
Park. It has been sometime since
such a celebration has taken place
in this city and Kanawha Lodge No.
130, Improved Benevolent and Pro-
tective Order of Elks of the World
was determined to make it a grand
affair and brought Judge Terrell here
as the attraction, as the jurist is well
known here and his work for the
race highly appreciated by the citi-
zens of Charleston and the State of
West Virginia.

A number of the leading citizens
being aware of the coming of Judge
Terrell for the celebration, thought
it an excellent time to show him how



JUSTICE ROBERT H. TERRELL.

he was esteemed by the race in this
city and therefore went to work to
entertain him on Thursday evening
prior to the celebration. This they
did in a most royal way and feel glad
that they did so as they had the pleas-
ure of meeting the distinguished guest
in person and found him to be, indeed,
one of the real leaders of the race.
Few men have come to this city who
have impressed the citizens as did
Judge Terrell. There was a com-
plete absence of the "ego" and he
proved to be one of the most con-
genial and well met fellows ever en-
tertained in this city and made a personal
friend of every citizen he met.

A very excellent menu and enter-
taining program had been prepared
for the occasion by Mr. J. C. Gilmer,
State Librarian, and Mr. W. O. Terry,
proprietor of one of the largest drug
stores owned by Negroes in the country.

The eloquent Phil Waters was toast
master and proved to be the mas-
ter of the situation and his eloquent
periods in the introduction of the var-
ious speakers have never been sur-
passed in the history of Charleston,
and gave an edge and spice to the oc-
casion that did not permit a mo-
ment's lull during the festive occa-
sion.

"West Virginia Negroes in the Pro-
fessions" was very ably responded to
by Dr. R. L. Jones, one of Charle-
ston's leading physicians.

"Independence in Politics" was re-
sponded to by Mr. Allen Doherty,
the leader of the Negro Democracy of
Kanawha County, and he discussed
his subject in a most intelligent man-
ner and gave some very excellent
reasons why the Negro should exer-
cise more independence in the use of
his ballot.

"The Business Negro" was respon-
ded to by Prof. C. H. Mitchell, of the
West Virginia Colored Institute.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM SPEAKS OUT

Jollification at Communion.

Editor of The Bee:

I fancy I am standing before a
vast audience made up entirely of
preachers—sometimes called ministers
of the gospel. And while standing
here I shall endeavor to throw out
a few gospel thunder bolts among
them in order that they might see
themselves as others see them.

There is much talk of reform in
politics, society, and in many other
things. But we know of nothing on
this mundane sphere which needs be
reformed more so than the Negro
pulpit. Save by his dress it is get-
ting to be a very hard thing to tell a
preacher from a professional, every-
day sport. It is no uncommon thing
to hear of Rev. so and so drinking
whiskey and playing a social game of
cards. Relative to these facts, I can
not go upon the stand and swear.
But one thing I do know is, that, to
the everlasting shame and disgrace
to the cloth, it is a very common

thing to see some of our colored min-
isters puffing a cheap cigar or
cigarette, leaving such a streak of
smoke behind them one would think
that an automobile or a fire engine
had just passed by. These things are
unbecoming to ministers of the gos-
pel; but it will go on so long as the
members of the church feel disposed
to stand for it. They do not only
disgrace themselves but their brazen
acts have a tendency to lower the di-
gnity of the Church of God.

A few Sundays ago I saw a great
crowd of people coming out of one
of the prominent churches here; and
I asked one of the members what
kind of services had been going on
in the church. He informed me that
it was communion services. I stood
and looked on to see so many happy
looking souls leaving the house of
the Lord after having celebrated the
death and suffering of our Lord and
Savior. But by and by we looked
and beheld yonder the minister or the
shepherd of the flock, coming up the
street smoking a cigar! The thought
came to me: Oh! what little did the
commemoration of the blood and
broken body of the Lowly Nazarene
have upon that fellow. He seems to
care no more about it than if he had
just attended a funeral of some one
in the lowest walks of life. So you
can see, dear readers of The Bee,
that a reform is badly needed in the
colored pulpits in Washington. No
wonder they should tell their hearers
not to do as they do—but do what
they say do. For if you follow in
the foot steps of some of the sport-
ing preachers in this city you will
be lost—lost to all eternity!

There is no class of sinners that
needs have a sermon preached to
them (like the various secret socie-
ties) annually more so than the col-
ored ministers of Washington. And,
while I know it will be a waste of
time to pass around the basket when I
finish my sermon, I believe I feel
called upon to take the job. This is
Sermon No. 1.

I haven't anything in my heart
against a single preacher in Wash-
ington. What I've said—and intend
saying—relative to a reform needed
in the colored pulpit, I say it hoping
to God it may bear fruit for good.
This smoking business in public
among our colored ministers should
cease! I haven't called any name, but
I hope that the Rev. Pastors of
Miles C. M. E. Church and Mount
Airy Baptist Church, are constant
readers of The Bee.

And now, if he is not too full of
beer, Brother Sage of the Potomac
will please lead us in prayer.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

JUDGE MULLOWNEY.

Looks Well and Hearty.

Judge Alexander Mallowney, of the
Police Court, who has been ill for
several months, has returned to the
bench, greatly improved in health, and
seemingly himself again. It has been
some time since he has been in court,
owing to the severe illness that over-
took him some time ago, and kept
him to his bed for a long time.

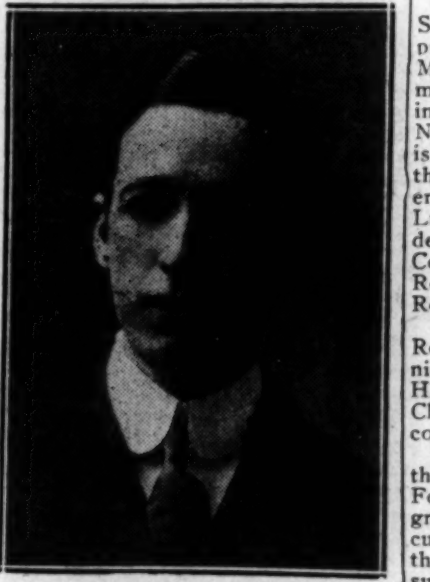
His many friends were glad to wel-
come his return to the court.

JOHN LEWIS SMITH, ESQ.,

Appointed Assistant United States
Attorney—Successful Lawyer.

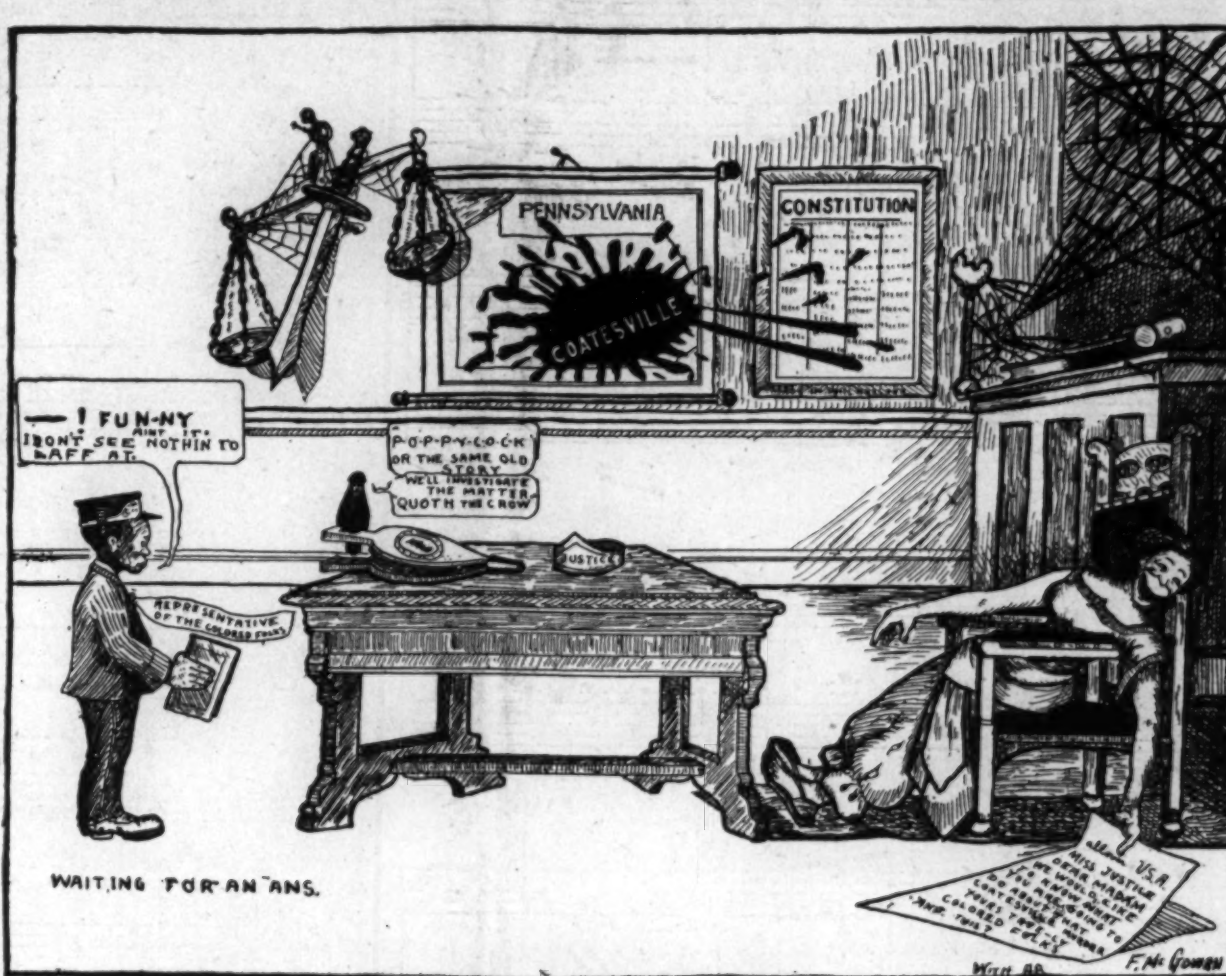
John Lewis Smith, Esq., who was
recently appointed assistant United
States Attorney, is among the young-
est members of the bar. Mr. Smith
is not only a successful practitioner,
but a man of ability. As a prosecu-
tor, Mr. Smith will no doubt make
a success. His father, the late John
H. Smith, had he lived, would have
no doubt been United States Attorney.
He came within an ace of being ap-
pointed by the late President, Wm.
McKinley.

Mr. Wilson has made several good
appointments of young members of
the bar in his office, who were very
popular. Mr. Smith is a genial and



JOHN LEWIS SMITH, ESQ.
New Assistant U. S. Attorney.

conscientious young man, and as a
prosecutor The Bee is confident that
he will resort to no tricks to convict
an unfortunate. Many a man has
gone into the United States Attor-
ney's office, and when he comes out,
he has not only the dislike of his en-
emies, but of his friends. A man can
be an honest prosecutor and retain
the respect and confidence of the peo-
ple. Such a man, The Bee believes,
that Mr. Smith will make. He comes
from great Virginia stock. His uncle,
John Ambler Smith, was a brave Vir-
ginian as well as his father. It is



A BLOT ON THE CONSTITUTION.
O! See How Justice Laughs.

said this young man inherits a great
deal of his uncle's fighting blood, but
you would not believe it unless you
placed a match to the oil that he car-
ries in his brain.

The Bee congratulates Mr. Wilson,
who has a desire and determination
to appoint honorable and upright
men in his office.

NAPOLEON MARSHALL

Would Not Refuse the Assistant Su-
perintendency of the Washington
Schools.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Napoleon
Marshall, who is "sojourning" here,
is not averse to accepting the po-
sition of Assistant Superintendent of
the Washington public schools. In
discussing the names suggested as
successor to Roscoe Bruce, in the
event the colored members of the
board succeeded in having him drop-
ped, Mr. Marshall, a la William Jen-
nings Bryan, picked flaws in the avai-
lability of every person suggested.

But when it was suggested that he
would make a good man, he smiled
an admission, but said that he was
too modest to press his own candi-
dacy, but that his friends thought he
would be the proper man, and inti-
mated he would be willing to rest
his prospects in the hands of his
friends. As to what percent of the
Washington parents are his "friends"
for so important a position, deponent
sayeth not.

THE BEE WINS!

The Washington Bee, in its suit
against the Howard Theater, other-
wise the National Amusement Com-
pany, Roger Flint, manager, was
rendered judgment for \$61.50 and
costs last Saturday, Oliver Randolph
and Ode Taylor, the two after-office-
hours editors, to the contrary with-
standing. The Bee would suggest to
these two young men to attend to
their office duties, and when they re-
port a law suit report the truth.

COLORED MINISTERS ELECT.

Interdenominational Meeting Selects
Officers for the Year.

Rev. J. Milton Waldron, pastor of
Shiloh Baptist Church, was elected
president of the Interdenominational
Ministers' Meeting at the first all-
meeting of the organization Tuesday
in Lincoln Temple, 11th and R Streets
Northwest. The organization, which
is composed of colored ministers of
the city, also chose the following of-
ficers: Rev. T. J. Brown, St.
Luke's Episcopal Church, vice presi-
dent; Rev. A. C. Garner, Plymouth
Congregational Church, secretary;
Rev. D. E. Wiseman, Church of Our
Redeemer (Lutheran), treasurer.

The program was also made up of
Rev. J. C. Van Loo, vicar of St. Mo-
nica's Episcopal Chapel; Rev. R. K.
Harris, Israel Methodist Episcopal
Church, and Rev. S. N. Brown, Lin-
coln Temple Congregational Church.
Announcement was made that at
the meeting to be held Monday, Rev.
Foster, pastor of the People's Epis-
copal Church, will lead a dis-
cussion on the work accomplished by
the various pastors during the past
summer.

REV. WILLIS WINS.

Attorney Jones Holds the Records.
Court Will Not Disturb the Order.

In Equity Court, before Justice Cla-
baugh, Monday morning, the case of
the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church
was heard. Attorney T. L. Jones and
the firm of Ralston & Siddons ap-
peared for Rev. Willis and the church,
and Attorney A. S. Worthington, A.
A. Birney and S. W. Woodward, ap-
peared for Winslow and others. The
object of the hearing was to have
the court compel the clerk of the
church, Geo. A. Tinsus, to surrender

all the church records to the other
side, to be copied, especially the roll
of membership. It was argued by
Messrs. Worthington and his asso-
ciates that they had a right to copy
the records, etc., but Attorney Jones
argued for his associates, following
Mr. Worthington. At the conclusion
of Mr. Jones' argument, the court re-
fused to disturb the previous order
signed by Justice Gould, which per-
mitted them to inspect the records
and not copy them.

WALKER'S ADDRESS.

The Genist Principal Gives Good Ad-
vice to the Teachers.

An urgent appeal to principals and
teachers to impress upon their pupils
the spirit of fair play in the public
schools formed the basis of the ad-
dress of Supervising Principal James
E. Walker, president of the Public
Schools' Athletic League, at the an-
nual meeting of that body at the M
Street High School a few days ago.

"The one great thing I want to
bring to your attention is the sub-
ject of competition," said the speaker.
"If the spirit of fair play is lacking,
I would say not to have competitions.
Competitions under such circum-
stances are at too great a sacrifice, and
our object is not to develop a few
but to reach every boy and girl of
the schools. Everybody likes a win-
ner and everybody likes to win. But
when you want to know the heart and
manhood of a person or a child, watch
him after a defeat. And if this de-
feated child or this defeated man takes
his defeat properly, you are bound
to have in him a winner some day. I
would admonish you, therefore, to
impress upon your children in their
games the great lesson of fair play.
And remember that 'victory is no
great matter and defeat is less; few
essential things in sport is the manly
striving to excel and the good feeling
it fosters between those who play
fair and have no excuses when they
lose.'"

E. B. Henderson, secretary of the
league, submitted his report and urged
the members to encourage games
within the school between classes
rather than between classes of differ-
ent schools. Another new feature
which the secretary expects to intro-
duce is the matter of athletic badge
competition.

The election of officers resulted in
the following selection: President,
J. E. Walker, re-elected; vice presi-
dent, Miss E. A. Chase; secretary, E.
B. Henderson, re-elected; treasurer,
Miss A. E. Thompson.

The following were elected to the
executive board: Miss M. E. Gibbs,
A. P. Lewis, A. K. Savoy, G. B. Key
and H. G. Douglas.

National Training School Gets Premium.

The Appalachian Exposition, a
mammoth representation of Southern
progress, held annually at Knoxville,
Tenn., has just closed. The exposi-
tion is the work of the best white
men and women of the South. This
year they extended an invitation to
Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, to de-
liver a special address, and so anx-
ious were they that she attend, that
they had their special representative
at Pittsburgh, Pa., to insist upon her
coming. Miss Burroughs had to de-
cline because she is now in the midst
of the erection of a new building at
Lincoln Heights, and had to be on
the grounds to arrange for the de-
tails of the work, under construction.
She was also asked to send an ex-
hibition of the work done by the
school; she complied with this re-
quest, and the good news comes that
the institution received one of the
best premiums offered for fine work.
We may say what we will about
merit and prejudice, but the individ-
uals who do the best work will be
given the prize, even by Southern

white judges.
The Training School is in its in-
fancy, but we are sure of the quality
of the work done in the Sewing and
Fine Art Department, when the
school is able to satisfy the manage-
ment of the Appalachian Exposition.

STUDENTS ADDRESSED.

Dr. Davidson and Mr. Bruce Speak at
Howard University—Great
Applause.

Supt. William M. Davidson and
Asst. Supt. Roscoe C. Bruce, both
officials of the public schools of the
District of Columbia, addressed the
students of Howard University in the
formal opening service in the chapel
of the University Monday morning.
The presence of both officials was
the signal for prolonged applause
from the students, and Dr. Thirkield,
president of Howard University. Es-
pecially significant were the remarks
of Dr. Thirkield, who gave to Mr.
Bruce full credit for the excellent
preparation of the public school stu-
dents who have entered the Univer-
sity in the past few years.

Directed to High Ideals.

Dr. Davidson's speech was one
framed to uplift the student mind to
high ideals of culture and achieve-
ment, and he had a special message
for the students who are planning to
go into the work of teaching.
Looking at one of the big memo-
rial windows of the chapel, the design
of which is a copy of a well-known
idealistic painting of Sir Galahad, Dr.
Davidson said:

Tradition of Achievement.

Mr. Bruce's talk was principally
along the line of achievement. He
said in part:

"The continuity of the race, of
which you and I are members, de-
pends on a tradition of achievement.
Our best men should give their best
endeavors to do great things, and it
would be well to study the great fam-
ilies of this country who have had
man after man do great things, sim-
ply because of a tradition of achieve-
ment."



DR THIRKIELD.

"Every student should get a proper
conception of culture. The old idea
that culture was confined to the in-
dividual making the effort has now
given way to the dynamic idea of cul-
ture which can be expressed only in
terms of service to the State."

Durham Schools.

Next week's Bee will contain a few
cuts of the buildings and grounds of
the great National Religious Train-
ing School at Durham, N. C. Dr.
James E. Shepard, president. Look
out for it.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings
of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

The first lady professor in Germany
will be Mlle. Gertrude J. Wockler,
Ph. D. She has been appointed as-
sistant professor of physics at Leipzig
University. Mlle. Wockler is a Swiss,
thirty-three years of age, and will be
the youngest professor in the only
Saxon University.

Among the colored men in the dip-
lomatic service are Ministers to Haiti
and Liberia, three consuls in South
America and two in France.

John M. Bright, ninety-four years
of age, the oldest lawyer in Tennessee,
died this week at his home near Fay-
etteville. He was inspector general
of Tennessee during the civil war,
and a member of Congress from 1871
to 1879.

The first Negro school in Missouri
was founded in Kansas City by J. Mil-
ton Turner, in 1868.

Inaugurating a crusade against vi-
olations of the Sunday laws at resorts
and roadhouses near Baltimore has be-
gun. Already the proprietors of five
such places have been presented to
the grand jury of Baltimore County
for action.

The Sacs and Foxes, of the Missis-
sippi tribe of Indians in Iowa and
Oklahoma will receive their full pro-
rata share of the \$1,020,000 trust fund
now in the Treasury to their credit,
as soon as they assume citizenship.

H. Paulais Sannon, the retiring Min-
ister, called at the State Department
Tuesday to say farewell to Acting
Secretary Adee. He sailed from New
York Thursday with Mrs. Sannon for
Havre. He expects to spend five
months in Paris before returning to
Haiti.

Recommendation for the conversion
of Goat Alley, Hughes Court and
many other places into interior parks
are contained in the annual report of
the board for the condemnation of in-
sanitary buildings. Last year 187 in-
sanitary houses were demolished, 145
were in streets, 42 in alleys. Also
698 tenants were forced to seek other
quarters, of this number 555 were
colored and 52 were whites.

Andrew Carnegie's offer of \$750,000
to found a hero fund for Italy has
been accepted by the King. A com-
mittee to administer the fund has
been appointed.

Mrs. Della Torrey, aunt of Presi-
dent Taft, quietly celebrated her 86th
birthday in Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Belle M. Fowler has been ap-
pointed food inspector at Spokane,
Wash. It is her business to visit cafes,
bakeries and candy kitchens to see
that they are kept in a sanitary con-
dition. She received the appoint-
ment because of her reputation as a
faultless housekeeper in her own
home.

Mattie E. Lomax, who was sen-
tenced to be hanged November 20
for killing her husband, last Decem-
ber, is said to be a victim of tubercu-
losis, so death may rob the gallows
of a victim.

The services of more than 9,000
Americans and Filipino teachers em-
ployed in the various schools of the
islands of the Philippines, and last
year there were over 500,000 boys and
girls who received instruction from
the schools.

Nearly 700 cases of cruelty to ani-
mals were reported to the police last
year. Six animal drinking fountains
were installed last year and 3,417 ani-
mals were inspected.

The development of Latham Park
along the old York Road, and the de-
struction of the old Lucretia Mott res-
idence removes every trace of what
was once an underground station dur-
ing the civil war. The Grand Army
veterans have a marker or a tablet
placed on or near the site where the
old Mott house stood.

Mrs. John Barnhill, of Truro, N. S.,
recently celebrated her one hundred
and tenth birthday. Her father died
just one day short of his one hun-
dredth birthday.

The crusade against unclean grocers
resulted in three prosecutions. Ninety
three farms were inspected in Vir-
ginia, Maryland and the District, and
1,558 cattle inspected; 8,925 cantalou-
pes were found unfit for food; 822
eggs and 600 pounds of fish.

Reports from the Board of Educa-
tion show that more than 4,000 stu-
dents entered the night schools of the
city, which opened this week. Nearly
half of this number were colored stu-
dents.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Dr. DuBois Greeted With a Large
Crowd.

The reception that was given Dr.
DuBois at the Bethel Literary last
Tuesday evening was of a representa-
tive character. He was at his best,
and his address was polished, concise
and eloquent. He asked the Bethel
Literary what it was doing. That it
was about time to discuss something
else other than the Negro question
alone. The only way to help the race
was through religious teachings.

In Maryland.

Attorney M. T. Clinkscales went to
Maryland to try a case this week.

SEXTET FROM LUCIA.

From Donizetti's Popular Grand Opera

Sung by Mme. SEMBRICH at the Metropolitan Opera House

New York.

Arr. by C. BOHM.

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

Sextet from Lucia. 2 pp—24 p.

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It cures dandruff, stops fall-the complexion. 25cts the box.

ing hair, and prevents baldness by OWL CORN SALVE—A panacea for News, Va.

completely destroying the dandruff for all foot evils. One box convinces Mrs. J. P. H. Coleman, Phar. D. germ. 25cts the box; the bottle, by the most skeptical. Try it. 10 cts. a president and manager, 1113 U street northwest, Washington, D. C.

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Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (as pictured) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$3.00. Other REDUSO models \$3.00 per pair upwards to \$10.00.

W. B. Naform and Erect Form Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, \$1.00 upwards to \$5.00 per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

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A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life, increase his faith in Providence and, if need be, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Hans Fredric Amiel.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, MRS. S. E. WORMLEY, Proprietress. Salads Made to Order. Notions, School Supplies, Gent's Furnishings, Magazines and High School and College Penmanship. Periodicals, Plain Sewing. Agent for Laundry, Cut Flowers, and Dry Cleaning. Phone North 1702, 408 Florida Ave. N. W. Washington, D. C.

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FIRST POST HOUSES.

Established by Cyrus, the Founder of the Persian Empire.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus the Great about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 51 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. One was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward III. (1327) riders on post horses were sent of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

READ THE NEWS

A BRILLIANT FOP.

The Youthful Disraeli, Elegant and Eloquent.

AN INTELLECTUAL EXQUISITE.

His Airs and Graces, His Frills and Laces and His Dazzling Oratory In His Early Political Battles—A Pen Picture of His Remarkable Face.

Benjamin Disraeli's career in practical politics began with a series of reverses that might have discouraged a less persistent fighter. Five times the youthful novelist and versatile budding statesman attempted to break into parliament before he succeeded in winning an election, going down to defeat three times at Wycombe and once at Taunton.

In William Playfelle Monypenny's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli" the author declares that tales are still told in Wycombe of Disraeli's famous first speech from the portico of the Red Lion:

"The youthful orator was now at the height of his dandyism, and his 'curls and ruffles' played no small part in the election. Standing on the top of the porch beside the figure of the lion, with his pale face set off by masses of jet black hair and his person plentifully adorned with lace and cambric, he must have seemed to the spectators better fitted for his role of fashionable novelist than for that of strenuous politician. Great, then, was their surprise when this 'popinjay,' as a hostile newspaper called him, began to pour forth a torrent of eloquence with tremendous energy of action and in a voice that carried far along the High street. He had an instinct for the dramatic effects which hold the attention of the mob. 'When the poll is declared I shall be there,' he exclaimed, according to a Wycombe tradition, pointing to the head of the lion, 'and my opponent will be there,' pointing to the tail. By the admission even of the opposite party the speech was a complete success, and his popularity with the crowd was thenceforth assured."

As to the young orator's appearance at Taunton, Mr. Monypenny gathers these comments of an eyewitness from an almost forgotten book of that time: "Never in my life had I been so struck by a face as I was by that of Disraeli. It was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed out a pair of intensely black eyes. I never have seen such orbs in mortal sockets either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead were ringlets of coal black, glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view.

"There was a sort of half smile, half sneer playing about his beautifully formed mouth, the upper lip of which was curved as we see it in the portraits of Byron. He was very shrewdly attired in a dark bottle green frock coat, a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains, and in fancy patterned trousers. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was visible. Altogether he was the most intellectual looking exquisite I had ever seen.

"He commenced in a hissing, lackadaisical tone of voice. He minced his phrases in apparently the most affected manner and while he was speaking placed his hands in all imaginable positions, not because he felt awkward and did not know, like a booby in a drawing room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now he would place his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat and spread out his fingers on its flashing surface; then one set of digits would be released and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand; anon he would push aside the curls from his forehead.

"But as he proceeded all traces of dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance perfectly astonishing he referred to past events and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparring satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said he proved himself to be the finished orator. Every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended that every hearer was wrapped in admiring surprise. His voice, at first so feline, gradually became full, musical and sonorous and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His arms no longer appeared to be exhibited for show, but he exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed into the man of mind, the Mantalini looking personage into a practiced orator and finished elocutionist."

Her Declaration.

"Have you anything to declare?" asked the customs inspector. "Yes," replied the lady who was returning from Europe. "I unhesitatingly declare that it is an outrage the way this government permits things to be muzzed up in one's trunk."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them nothing will.

WHIPPED THE LEOPARD.

African Explorer Witnessed the Killing of the Big Cat by a Troop of Baboons.

A vivid pen picture of a fight between a leopard and a troop of baboons is given in a German paper by P. Ritter, a sportsman and explorer in German West Africa. Leopards have a particular liking for baboon flesh, which is often used as bait to trap them.

"One afternoon," the hunter relates, "I was resting on the shady side of a big rock which formed the bank of a small stream. On the opposite side a troop of baboons came down chattering toward the water, a large male going cautiously in front, glancing and scenting around for danger. I remained immobile.

"A deep grunt assured the herd that all was well, and down the steep slope they came, last of all a female with two young, which the mother tenderly helped over the rough places. Suddenly a big leopard shot out from behind a boulder and with one blow of his paw grabbed one of the young. The mother, with a roar of fury, threw herself upon the big cat. The others halted and with one accord clambered back to her assistance. The leopard had just settled the female and was about to make off with his prey when he found himself surrounded by the whole horde, which closed in upon him.

"He gave as good as he got, and two big baboons rolled down the slope apparently done for, but numbers told, and he was literally torn to pieces. It was a horribly fascinating sight, and I never regretted more having no camera with me than I did then."

THEY DIDN'T FIGHT.

It Was Only a Little Friendly Discussion That Excited Them.

Two Spaniards were conversing earnestly, then excitedly, at last angrily. The young American woman who passed them looked with frightened eyes toward her Spanish guide.

"What are they talking about, Senor Jose?" she asked timidly. "Do you think they will fight—or maybe kill?" "Ah, no, Senorita Marie," replied Jose, smiling and showing his pretty teeth. "One man—that one, you see, senorita, with the long mustachios—he is saying, 'Me, I prefer much the collared button which is steel, and the other one—look, senorita—he is running his fingers through his hair now and his sombrero has a gold cord—he is saying, 'Ah, no, senor, the button which is of gold—ah, senor, that is the button for me.'"

"But as for myself, senorita, the bone collared button—that I prefer above all the others.

"Do I not speak with good sense, senorita? Listen. If the button is of steel it will cut, if it is of gold one cannot afford to lose it, but if it is of bone it does not cut, and if it goes what matter? I have a dozen at home in my little top drawer."

"You speak with great good sense, Don Jose, but tell me—were the men really angry?" "Oh, not at all, senorita. It is only our southern way of being interested in what we discuss. If it had been two Germans, senorita, or maybe two Englishmen, you would never have noticed them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Then They Talked in English.

A couple of Cleveland business men visited Mexico. In Mexico City their train was switched from one station to another. One of the Clevelanders went to the first station to make inquiries. Approaching a pair of dark visaged employees, he nudged his memory for the proper words from the phrase book.

"Donde esta?" he hesitatingly asked and paused.

The two dark visaged persons listened attentively.

"Gracias," stammered the Cleveland man. "Donde estan?"

Then one of the men looked at the other.

"Say, Bill," he growled, "what in merry blue blazes is this fellow talkin' about?"

And after that it was easy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Donkey's Choice.

The vexed question of the future life of animals has troubled the Mohammedans, as it has other religions. The question, it seems, was considered by Allah a long time ago, and all the animals were asked if they wished to enter paradise. They at once said yes, except the donkeys. These were cautious and asked if little boys went to heaven. The answer being yes, they replied, "In that case we prefer to go to—the other place." S. H. Leder vouches for the fable in "The Desert Gateway."

Friendships.

There are three friendships which are advantageous and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere and friendship with the man of much information—these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the glib tongued—these are injurious.—Confucius.

Interested.

"What did the rhinoceros do when you fired at him?" asked the eager listener. "He just stood still and watched me run."—Washington Star.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.—Bryere.

DO YOU NEED OVERALLS?

You Would Make Them Yourself if You Knew How Easy It Is—Here Are the Directions.

Many a man says that he would be glad to do chores about the house, to trim the grass or weed the garden if he had overalls.

The trouble is that when he wishes to wear overalls the stores are closed and he cannot buy them. I wonder that men do not make them for themselves.

To provide a pattern you must have an outline or perspective plan of your contour from the belt line down to the ankles. This may be obtained by sitting in wet clay and, on arising, pouring plaster of Paris in the impression. When this hardens lift the mold, lean it against the wall and obtain measurements with a tape line. Another way is to dust talcum powder on the carpet until it is thickly coated. Then sit down on the talcum powder and carpet, thus removing the talcum from the floor where you have been. Then cut around the outlines of that impression with a sharp knife, remove the carpet so detached, and you have a pattern for one side of the overalls.

Purchase several yards of denim and cut it into the shape indicated by either pattern you have now obtained. Make two sets of these pieces and sew them edge to edge. Pockets may be made by cutting slits in the material and sewing empty salt sacks.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Dellineator.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Their Use on an Important Scale Dates From 1876.

The first experimental philosopher to discover that electric light could be produced by a dry battery was Sir Humphry Davy, who in 1810 exhibited a light three inches long, between carbon points, before the Royal society of London. But no commercial value was attached to the use of electricity as an illuminant until more than half a century later. The Centennial exhibition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, really marks the era of our present form of electric light, though electric lights had been in use abroad prior to that time. The exhibition of models and practical demonstrations of electric lights at Philadelphia in 1876 attracted the attention of scientists and capitalists in this country, and the first incandescent lamps and the first arc system were put to practical use in a small way in 1878. The Brush arc light gained favor in the beginning as the most adaptable for street lighting, and Cleveland, O., the home of Charles Francis Brush, the inventor, was the initial American city to adopt the arc system for street lighting.

Since 1878 both the Brush arc system and the Edison incandescent system have developed.—Marc M. Reynolds in Moody's Magazine.

Halcyon Days.

"Alcyone, or Halcyone, the daughter of Aeolus, married Ceyx," said the Latin professor. "Ceyx was drowned, and Alcyone on learning of his fate threw herself into the sea. The gods were moved by the tragedy of the young lovers. They brought them back to life in the form of halcyons, or kingfishers, and they decreed that for the seven days from Dec. 22 to Dec. 29 the sea should remain calm while the sea birds built their nests upon it. Those seven days, the last of the year, are therefore called halcyon days—days of tranquillity, a kind of very late Indian summer. Here in America we have no real halcyon days, but the myth of Alcyone and Ceyx comes from the Mediterranean, and in that blue and gold region it is a fact that the year is ushered out by a procession of still, mild, splendid days—silent and glittering days of halcyon weather."—Washington Post.

Lifting a Child.

"I wish," said the woman who has children of her own, "that women would understand the delicate mechanism of a child. How would they like a giant to come along and suddenly drag them from the ground by one arm, as I have seen so many people do to children? When you're lifting a child lift it evenly by both arms or from the waist. Don't yank it up by a grab at one wrist and then wonder why it cries. It makes me so angry I always want to pull the arm of that inconsiderate woman hard and see if she wouldn't cry too. It's a thing that mothers and aunts and sisters ought to learn."—Philadelphia Times.

His Expectations.

"Have you 'Great Expectations?'" asked the duffy haired dame as she entered the circulating library and cast her large, lustrous blue eyes upon the new assistant. And he, his mental equilibrium upset for the moment by her levelness, stammered out:

"Well—er—no, miss, I can't say exactly that, but I believe I'm heir to my old aunt, who's got something just under a hundred pounds in the post-office savings bank."—London Telegraph.

Not Familiar With the Quotation.

"Ah, Mr. Blinks," said the fair one lightly, "I see you wear your heart upon your sleeve."

Mr. Blinks looked bewildered and hastily pulled down his cuffs.

"I guess maybe it was my red flannel underwear you noticed," he lamely remarked.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always.

Agent—This speedometer will enable you to know how fast you are going. Otto Friend—I don't need one. My bank balance tells me just as well.—Puck.

MILITARY HAZING.

Carried to Brutal Extremes in German Army Schools.

CADETS MAIMED AND KILLED.

The Most Dangerous Punishment Meted Out to Erring Freshmen Is "The Gantlet of Fire," and the Most Repulsive Is "Bacon Swallowing."

Germany is, of all countries, the one in which the science of hazing in military schools has attained the greatest development. The army plays in the fatherland's life a part the importance of which can hardly be realized by an untraveled American. Military service is compulsory, and in time of peace 600,000 men are kept armed, uniformed and drilled. To command that huge contingent 80,000 commissioned officers are necessary.

This large officer corps has developed customs, ethics, even a morality, of its own. These customs and ethics are imitated at an early age by the boy who aspires to enjoy the veneration which German officers generally receive from the populace. Imitation in a young man usually means exaggeration, and some of the little military snobs are on their first day at school a joy to behold. Very soon, however, the precocious stiffness is taken out of them.

A harmless though repulsive form of hazing cadets whose appetite verges on gluttony is called "bacon swallowing." The plebes to be victimized are lined up on the grounds surrounded by a group of second year men. A slice of raw bacon is tied to a piece of string, and the plebe whose name is drawn first is made to swallow the unappetizing morsel. When the sickening sensation of the twine tickling his throat threatens to nauseate him the bacon is pulled out. The name of another unfortunate is drawn, and he is in turn obliged to swallow the bacon, the appearance of which has not been improved by the first man's chewing. On it goes along the line to the next man and up to the last one, and for days and days the sight of bacon, a staple article in German cuisine, will, if it does not spoil the healthy youngsters' appetites, at least remind them that undue haste in assimilating food lacks refinement.

After a few hours spent in "frog's squat" the most dignified and snobbish plebes assume the good natured and perfectly chummy attitude which means that they have been tamed. Swelled heads are quickly noted and their owners made to sit on the floor with their chins resting on their knees, and their ankles and wrists are bound together. A solid stick passed under the knee joints and forcing the forearm back prevents them from moving arms or legs, and they are left there facing one another in an unnatural, cramped and ridiculous position.

Other forms of hazing are the stomach dance, with or without obstacles; finding the keyhole, tossing in a blanket and star gazing. In the stomach dance the cadet is put flat on his stomach on a high table and four tormentors take him by the hands and feet and whirl him around on the table. In the case of serious offenses a few hard objects or "obstacles" are scattered over the table, making the "dance" rather painful.

Then comes finding the keyhole. The cadet stands in front of a locker and is blindfolded. He has to feel for the keyhole with his forefinger. Then another cadet places his head between the locker and the finger, opens his mouth and bites the finger till its owner howls.

Star gazing consists in being made to watch the stars at night through a coat sleeve held like a telescope by two cadets. A third cadet then pours a glass of muddy water in at top of the sleeve.

When a cadet is guilty of behavior unbecoming to a gentleman, disgraces his class by some breach of etiquette or commits some petty theft he is generally sentenced by the "holy vehm," or "court of honor," to the rod. The penalty is applied ruthlessly, a gag being placed in the punished man's mouth to stifle his cries for help.

All of the forms of hazing the most brutal perhaps is the "gantlet of fire." The freshman upon whom that punishment is to be visited is kept in a dark room astride a wooden chair, to which he is securely fastened. In the next room his tormentors are twisting newspapers into imitation torches, which at a given signal they light with matches. When the torches are burning brightly they form themselves in two lines; another signal is sounded, the door of the dark room is thrown open, and the freshman is ordered to ride between the lines, while he is mercilessly lashed with flaming brands.

However quickly he may run the gantlet, by the time he has reached the end of the blazing pathway his hair, his eyebrows and lashes have been singed to the skin, his eyelids are seared and swollen, his lips blistered, his uniform hopelessly damaged.

One of the surgeons in attendance covers up the sores with bandages and sends the singed plebe to the infirmary for a couple of days. The official report mentions the explosion of an alcohol lamp or some other accident of like nature.

Not infrequently those "boyish pranks" have a tragic ending. More than once cadets have been crippled for life, and there are two cases on record where death was the direct result of horseplay carried too far.—New York Tribune.

HE PUNISHED GRANT.

How the Tyrant Riding Master Punished Him For "Dismounting Without Leave."

While a student at West Point U. S. Grant excelled in mathematics and horsemanship. He jumped his horse over a bar five feet six inches high, which made a record for the academy and a close second to the highest jump ever recorded in America. He received little honor for some of his efforts, however, notably in the case recalled by Nicholas Smith in "Grant, the Man of Mystery." But perhaps the humor of it reconciled him.

The riding master was one Herahberger, "an amusing sort of tyrant," and on one occasion, whether seriously or as a joke, he determined to "take down" the young cadet.

At the exercise Grant was mounted on a powerful but vicious brute that the cadets fought shy of and was put at leaping the bar.

The bar was placed higher and higher as he came round the ring till it passed the record. The stubborn rider would not say "enough," but the horse was disposed to shy and refuse to make the leap.

Grant gritted his teeth and spurred at it, but just as the horse gathered for the spring his swelling body burst the girth, and the rider and saddle tumbled into the ring.

Half stunned, Grant gathered himself up from the dust only to hear the "arident, cynical voice" of Herahberger calling out:

"Cadet Grant, six demerits for dismounting without leave!"

BEAT HIM TO THE STATION.

The Message That Got There Before the Patrolman Did.

"When I was a patrolman," says a prominent detective, "there used to be a sergeant on the force who had it in for me. He reported me for various delinquencies, and—well, he's dead now, and I won't say anything against him. He got sick, and it was reported at the station that he wasn't expected to live. So the boss called me and told me to go around and see if I could do anything for the old fellow. I called at the house and asked if I could see him. They let me in. I tipped into the room where the sergeant was in bed and said, 'The lieutenant sent me around to see how you were getting along.'"

"He spoke with difficulty, but I could make out what he said. 'Go back,' he grunted, 'and tell 'em that I'm getting along fine. The boys have fixed me up all right, and I don't need anything. I'm feeling better.'"

"So I went back to the station. I was stopped a couple of times on my way and got in about half an hour later. Then I made my report. He says he's better and doesn't need anything," says I. The lieutenant jumped up. 'Do you mean to say that you saw him?' says he. 'I did,' says I. 'And he told you he was all right?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You blamed liar!' shouts the lieutenant. 'I got a message ten minutes ago that he was dead!'"

"And it was true. What do you think of that old scoundrel trying to get me in bad with his dying breath?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Picture of Night.

Along the high hedged lane John Strong swung, the June gloaming deepening into night. He loved to shove his face into the night. He gloried in the uncertainty of night, the indefiniteness of night, and his soul cried back a wild answer to the cry of the night hawk and the owl. Night is more primitive than day; night is more calamitous; night is a savage; night everywhere is the true aborigine. Day has taken on civilization. Night hurls the world back to the day of the war club, the flint arrowhead, the painted visage. John Strong loved the night with an almost malevolent love. In the night he could hear the Valkyries screaming, the witches riding their broomsticks, the ghouls scraping the mold from off the new buried coffin. John Strong swung along, his face set to meet oncoming night—Adventure.

Where He Drew the Line.

Thomas was an old gamekeeper on Sir Greville's Scotch estate, says Sir William Kennedy in "Sport in the Navy." When he was sixty years old he contracted measles and was very ill for a time. Sir Greville, with characteristic kindness, sent the old man some hot-house grapes and a pineapple. The next time the two met Sir Greville asked Thomas how he liked the fruit.

"Well, Sir Greville," answered the gamekeeper, "the plums was good, but I dianna think much of the turnip."

Ultimate Motives.

"See, here," said the kind hearted lady, "I gave you a piece of pie two weeks ago, and you have been sending one or more of your friends here every day since."

"Youse do me a injustice, ma'am," replied the husky hobo. "Dem guys wot I sent was me enemies."—Chicago News.

Insult and Injury.

We are told that the invention of scissors dates back to the fourteenth century.

Just think of it! Dallah must have cut Samson's hair with a knife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bed.

The bed is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret. We make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

THE BEE

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HOWARD'S HANDICAP.

Dr. Tunnell is a minister of the Gospel, though no one would think so, judging him by the vindictive-ness he has displayed in harassing and persuing Prof. Roscoe C. Bruce. Dr. Tunnell is a teacher, though no one would suspect as much, judging from his assaults upon a fellow-laborer in the educational field. Dr. Tunnell is a husband and a father, but what man would suspect it, judging him by his inconsiderate, unreasonable and unsupported attacks upon another man who, too, is the breadwinner for wife and children, who must necessarily be the innocent victims of the blow aimed.

Before a recent meeting of the Board of Education, Dr. Tunnell, as a member of that body, presented charges against Prof. Roscoe C. Bruce that contained not one scintilla of evidence nor the least semblance to reason, consistency or honesty. And upon these alleged charges, and without the accused being asked to be present and given the American right to defend himself, Dr. Tunnell was so unfair, as to demand his dismissal there and then. Not content with the rebuff the majority of the board administered to him by voting to submit the matter to the proper official (the superintendent) for fair, honest investigation, Dr. Tunnell, whom we, heretofore, suspected had a few, isolated grains of fairness in his makeup, went before the colored ministers of this city and attempted to lug in their meeting a matter which concerned the Board of Education, and which he himself had voted to submit to the school superintendent for investigation and adjudication, publicly declaring at the time that he would abide by the superintendent's decision. But the colored ministers, possessing more of the milk of human kindness, more Christian tolerance, recorded a negative vote against him of sixteen to three. In view of Dr. Tunnell's unreasonable course he has not only outlived his usefulness as a member of the Board of Education, but it is a serious question as to whether he has not impaired his usefulness as a member of Howard University's faculty. Heretofore the relations between the Washington public schools and Howard University have been amicable and helpful, made so largely by Prof. Bruce's hearty co-operation, but Dr. Tunnell, by his disorganizing methods, his arbitrary demands, and unfounded attacks upon the schools, has contributed to injure the university. Certain it is he has not helped to the respect of himself as a minister. Were all ministers of the Gospel of the same stripe as Dr. Tunnell, and thank God they are not, the anti-church propaganda would increase in popularity and strength. In retaining Dr. Tunnell on her faculty is not Howard University carrying a handicap?

A FRIEND INDEED.

Secretary MacVeagh, of the Treasury Department, has placed the Negroes of this country under fresh obligation to him, and incidentally placed the race under new obligation to the Taft Administration by his most recent act, which continues in the service the Negro draughtsmen and superintendents of construction now on the rolls of the office of the Supervising Architect. In the list of employees submitted for dropping from the Supervising Architect's office, which is a bureau of the Treasury Department, appeared all the Negro draughtsmen and superintendents of construction. Secretary MacVeagh was not blind to the fact that the including of all such

Negro employees of the Architect's office in the list of those to be dropped, for the given reason of insufficient appropriation, was nothing less than elimination of Negro employees, and he ordered that they not be dropped. Had an equitable per cent of the Negro employees been selected for dismissal, a per cent, say, equal to the per cent of the whites selected for dismissal, the race could not have argued that there was undue discrimination. But when all the high-class Negro employees were selected to be dropped, it bordered too closely on unjust discrimination, and Secretary MacVeagh, who will not stand for any discrimination whatever on account of men's color, gave instructions that these Negro employees should be continued in the service. He also, doubtless, was influenced some by the fact that with the almost tremendous odds against the Negro as a race, even when he possesses the ability, energy and fidelity to trust, these technical Negro employees of the Architect's office would have experienced a hard time, if thrown out upon the world.

The race should be, and is grateful to Secretary MacVeagh for this new evidence of his deep interest in us, and for his most refreshing act of fair play. No department of this great government ever had for a head a man who was more considerate of, and more interested in according to exact and equal justice to the many faithful Negro employees of the government than Franklin MacVeagh. He is always for a "square deal," and justice is simply an inseparable part of his makeup. Secretary MacVeagh has our grateful thanks. He is a friend indeed in time of need.

IS FORTUNE COMING?

In a Washington newspaper, other than The Bee, appeared last week the announcement that T. Thomas Fortune is due to arrive in Washington at an early date and connect himself with a colored publication here, and that already a number of social functions are being arranged for him. There is something pathetic in this announcement. A decade ago this announcement would have been as a beacon light to enthuse and attract to the fortunate publication that secured his services an army of readers. But the Fortune who may be coming now is not the Fortune of a decade ago. Age and infirmities may not dim the luster of one's past, but true it is, and sad it is that it is true, age and infirmities do not serve to illumine the present or make propitious the future. There is no clientel so devoid of sentiment as the clientel of a newspaper. One's past, no matter how brilliant, cannot add to a newspaper's circulation unless one's present is supported by the same keenest of intellect, the same verity or force and coherency, in his sentences penned as characterized one's past. Were the New York World to transport the "Star-eyed goddess of reform," the brilliant Henry Watterson, from the land of good whisky, fast horses and blue grass to the editorial sanctum of that metropolitan daily, not one more reader would be added to the circulation list, because Henry Watterson is now more of a memory than a present activity, and because age, and its attendant infirmities cannot, and never did install a new renaissance. If the New York Herald should assemble in its editorial rooms the most brilliant galaxy of editors of these modern times, unless it carried, each day, the most news, all the news all the time, not one name would be added to the circulation list. The Bee, because of his past, will welcome T. Thomas Fortune to Washington, but cannot help but say there is something pathetic in any attempt to place the many-hue livery of the present on the shrouded past. And this is said with kindest feeling for all those whose work is now a retrospection, and redolent with the aroma of the past.

REPUBLICAN INSURGENCY.

One thing the colored voters should give particular attention to is that the so-called Republican insurgents have never given the least attention to the question of human rights as it effects the colored voter. Their contention involves simply questions effecting the material conditions as they effect white men. Ask a Republican insurgent what will be their attitude towards the colored race, and he will quickly tell you that he had not given the race consideration; that the race question, so all-important to us, is not a matter of concern to them at this time. While it is true that the Republican party, and we mean the regular Republicans, has been somewhat derelict

towards the colored race, still the fact stands out that they have never entirely abandoned us, and all we have been achieved through and by their efforts. The so-called Republican insurgents have abandoned us. They have abandoned us for a lower tariff and a lower tariff which really becomes free trade will force the colored man to compete, for a living, with the cheap foreign laborer, who is content with unsanitary living, with little or no education for the masses, and with cheap food and cheap raiment and crowded tenements. As between the regular Republicans who still continue to incorporate in their platforms some reference to the rights and protection of the Negro, and the insurgent Republicans, who argue only in dollars and cents, leaving the question of equal rights for the Negro to be settled by Southern Democrats, there is but one course left open to the colored voter, and that is to support the regular Republicans. Surely this is no time to swap horses when we are in the middle of the stream.

THE CUSTODIAN.

"Every Negro in this land of ours is the custodian of the honor, the character, the reputation, of the race."

The foregoing statement made by Emmett J. Scott, is what might appropriately be said to be *multum imparvo*. When we, as a race, and as men, fully realize how true, and how important in its bearing on our future is this statement of Mr. Scott, there will be a most healthy sentiment installed, and a union of action promoted that will achieve wonders for the race. Every Negro is his brother's keeper, and on how well we keep our brother depends our own, individual, preservation. Rev. Howard, of this city, once said, "if we do not raise up the disolute alley Negro they will pull us all down." This statement is true, and it but confirms the statement of Mr. Scott. Emmett Scott is so completely enveloped in modesty that what he says and does, and he is doing much to help on our uplift, appears to him as but the most natural thing in the world, and he is surprised when the wisdom he gives expression to is taken up and given publicity as has been given to the above excerpt from a recent address of his. But after all, how immeasurable is the good that the modest, consistent, constant toiler in the field of progress, like Mr. Scott, is doing. Verily we are "the custodian of the honor, the character, the reputation of the race."

COMMENT UNNECESSARY.

"An elementary school committee went into executive session to determine just how to place Helen Harris, daughter of Mrs. Harris, member of the Board of Education. Helen Harris was finally appointed a second grade teacher and detailed to a newly opened kindergarten."

The above, taken from The Star's report of the board's meeting last Friday, we reproduce without comment, except to explain that in order to make Miss Harris a teacher in the kindergarten, out of her turn, because she was the daughter of a board member, the salary of a second grade teacher was utilized. This will necessitate the failure of some first eligible, deserving young woman graduate of the Normal School, whose parent is not a board member, from securing an appointment. And it might be observed, with strict propriety, that the mistaken assumption has been that appointees on the school board were supposed to look after the interests of the schools as a whole, and not use their position and influence, as a member of the board, to secure appointments for their own immediate families in spite of the fact that some others, not members of their families, are higher up on the list of eligibles. The foregoing is all the comment that is necessary, with regard to Miss Harris' appointment.

RANDOLPH.

Randolph and Taylor concluded too soon. In fact, they wanted The Bee to lose, just as the so-called expert of the National Union, who testified against The Bee. The man before whom the case was tried knew law, and what was necessary to establish a case. Randolph, who published in blazing headlines that W. Calvin Chase lost his law suit against the Howard Theater, is not only a sundown editor, but a sundown lawyer without clients. The Bee is not aware that he has passed the bar association; if he has, he has never tried a case in court since his graduation.

Ocela Taylor, the other sundown editor of a "weakly" publication, is struggling with his "weakly" to exist. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of the two "weaklies," The American and The Union, Attorney A. W. Scott obtained judgment against the Howard Theater for \$61.50 and costs, a total of \$63.70, and it will be collected.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

Dr. Davidson and Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Bruce, could do a graceful thing by giving the surplus graduates in our schools a chance to teach. Why not, next year, appoint to the night schools those graduates who are not appointed in the day schools and discontinue, at once, all day teachers in our night schools?

It is unfair to our teachers who, after graduating from our schools, to have the places filled by day teachers, who are receiving double employment. Of course, some of the principals will argue, O! no, it will not do. We must have the best teachers in our night schools. Dr. Davidson, this is a weak argument. Some of the best teachers in the city are out of employment.

The Bee will discuss this subject fully in its next issue.

AN EDITOR.

The Bee has long admired Roscoe Simmons, the brilliant editorial writer of The Age. His work has attracted wide attention. He has come up through a storm of opposition. We admire him more since learning that he intends to surrender his place in New York and return to the South, there to found a newspaper among the great mass of people.

He will succeed from the start because it is in him, and because his is something of a charmed name among all Southerners. Good luck to Roscoe.

The ice man will soon abdicate to the coal man.

Who and what is the Civic League? Has it in its membership men who have the general betterment of conditions at heart?

Is it not about time to stop bickerings and contentions and pull together for the advancement of the race as a whole? And is it not about time to toss overboard those who persist in rocking the boat?

President Taft's speech of assurance at Waterloo, Iowa, last Thursday was welcomed by the toilers. The senseless and senseless attacks upon legitimate business by extremists has brought about stagnation in the business world which the toilers, the men who labor with hands, are feeling.

When depression in business comes the colored race feels it first, last and more keenly for the reason that the majority of the race are manual laborers. The colored laborers are the first to feel the blighting effects of a panic, and the last to recover. And they can ill afford it, considering the wages they receive.

President Thirkield's introduction of Prof. Roscoe C. Bruce at Howard University Tuesday last, in which he referred to the splendid record of Prof. Bruce as assistant superintendent of public schools, was one of those two-fold compliments. It was a compliment, and a just tribute to Prof. Bruce, and a rebuke to Dr. Tunnell, of the Howard faculty, who, as member of the Board of Education, has been criticizing Prof. Bruce and asking for his dismissal. President Thirkield has a navet way, all his own, of passing a lovely bouquet to the deserving, and a few thorns to the undeserving over in the next aisle without it being noticed until the day after.

Assaulted on a Car.

Last Saturday morning Mrs. T. J. Tihman, employed in the Treasury Department, and a Mrs. Merritt, boarded a Washington Electric car going to the Union Station about 8:30 o'clock. Mrs. Tihman tendered the conductor a ticket, while Mrs. Merritt gave him a dime, which he put in his pocket, and later on demanded that he fare, and both ladies insisted that he had kept the dime and 5 cents was coming to Mrs. Merritt, which he declared was not true. Mrs. Merritt insisted that he owed her 5 cents. The conductor, without another word, struck Mrs. Merritt, knocking her to the floor, saying that he would not take such talk from a nigger. The affair caused a commotion. When the car reached the Government Printing Office a policeman boarded it and wanted to arrest Mrs. Merritt. The conductor said he did not want to arrest her, but just wanted her put off the car.

Mrs. Merritt refused to get a warrant for the conductor, giving as an excuse that she was a church woman and did not want her husband to know.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

If you observe a man approaching who has a complexion betwixt a King Menelik and a Turkish pasha, and who possesses an upper and lower row of ivories that for beauty makes a pair of elephant tusks look like they ought to be on Goldenberg's bargain counter, and who wears a smile, in and out of school troubles, that will make the smile of a Spanish dulcena appear like a socialist's meeting, why, then, that's Jim Walker. If ever Horner, Tunnell, et al., get Jim's goat he can make a Vanderbilt living exhibiting his teeth and smile in Ringling Bros. side show. Is he proud of his teeth? Well, they tell me he spends \$2.00 per week for dentifrice alone. Outside of that Jim saves everything but his smile. Jim is a fine looking fellow, as fine a looking bit of humanity with a less than half Esquimo complexion as ever crossed the long bridge. There ain't much danger of his ever getting into a jam, because he always plays safe, right up against the cushion—so close you can't put him in the pocket. As a middle-of-the-road man he's got Kelly Miller resting easy in the scrap pile. If Jim is a member of an organization he never votes on any question, unless he knows, in advance, that the vote will be unanimous, and is only intended as a vote of confidence. He's so afraid of putting the nippers on the chances that he hands that Billikin smile of his to everybody, to both prince and pauper, to Bruce and Horner alike, without so much as an atom of a change. I'd give one thousand cold dollars of Napoleon Marshall's Brownsville savings, and the same amount of Dick Tompkins' anticipated surplus if I had that smile of Jim's. They tell me, sub rosa, that when he and Stafford were running a neck and neck race for supervisor and Stafford got a smile that above par) Jim just oiled up his face with lubricating oil so as to give his smile free action, and the thing was a closed incident. Major Brooks says that when the battalion is on dress parade Jim's smile makes the gold braid and polished buttons of his uniform look like a bit of pewter taken from the ruins of Pompeii. And at that I don't believe the Major exaggerates one bit. But Jim Walker is nobody's jester, let me surprise you. He's got two or three things stored up in thatanium of his, and he's an awfully fine disposition, and the commendable habit of not knocking every color bearer of the climbers' brigade who percolates through the crust of a whist club to claim a place in fin de siecle society. Jim just saws wood and says nothing. And if he does say anything, it's nothing but words, for you can't figure out, from what he says "where he's at," or where he will be at in the round up. Everybody likes Jim, however, including his wife, Arthur Newman and Maj. Brooks. Somebody once suggested Jim for Assistant Superintendent of the schools. When he heard of it he put on his ear muffs, put an Alcock's porous plaster over his mouth, and made signs to his wife to send his meals down in the cellar to him for a week. Jim's just that cautious. He's so cautious that he could balance an over-ripe egg of the bantam hen variety on his nose while he walked from his home to the armory. But the boy will do at that. He'll be a moving picture around here long after some of the busybodies, who assumed a contract to run the universe, are serving time for passing counterfeit ability. Jim always reminds me of a family heirloom—it's a whole lot of value as a keepsake, and it gives you lots of pleasure to have it, and at the same time the family next door ain't jealous because you have it. Next week I hope to put that teakwood complexioned brother-in-law of his through the sieve.

Some genius who came near being surrounded with a poetical atmosphere, and who doubtless matriculates up on Howard hill, has sent me a gentle effusion, bordering on a delusion, entitled "Rubaiyat of Tunnell," which he requests that I print in this column because everybody could see it. He had the temerity to say that it was written with due apologies to Omar Khyam, and that, in one particular, it was an improvement on Omar Khyam in that the verses carried five lines while old Omar could only manage more than four lines to a stanza for his crazy Rubaiyat. There are a lot of literary lights around here who will appreciate the high literary qualities of this unknown successor to old Omar. Louis Gregory, who is an authority on everything that has an oriental cold-storage atmosphere, and Tom Clarke, who is conversant with the early life of every penny-a-liner who wrote poetry for the mummified queens, will appreciate the loftiness of this effusion. And all good judges of such compounds that Dr. Wyley has classed as "not whisky" will readily detect the fumes of the blended article in every line of this treatise on Dr. Tunnell—I presume the writer had the West Indian nightmare in mind when he sat himself down in his library de lux and, taking his pen in hand, dashed off this pale lunar reminder of Omar Khyam that makes all the old time English satirists appear like privates in the Haitian army. Without further introduction, and with due regard for my readers' discriminating tastes, I present here following the loftiest approach to poetry that ever rolled, un-molested, down Howard's hill into the thirty-year-old office of the palladium of the people, more familiarly referred to as The Bee. Now here is the thing itself:

Rubaiyat of Tunnell.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
The Knowledge Park where weary hours I spent
Coaching a voice some critics style as junk,
Some, dyspeptics like myself, say 'tis punk;
To become an oratorical Gent.
Then when I, as head of a school, did fail

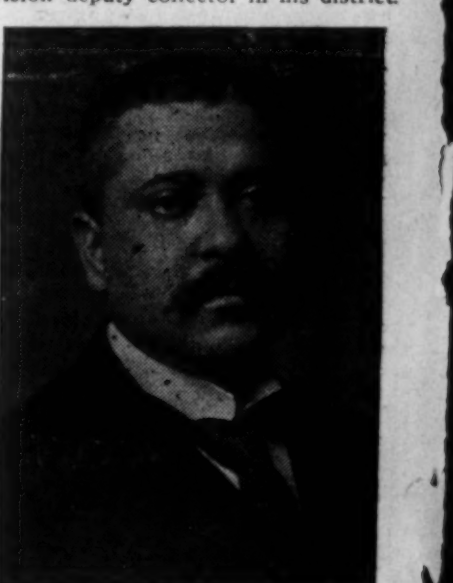
To make a record, like a comet tail,
High above heads of sapient critics,
I bowed submissive to trustees' antics
And right off to Washington did set sail.
At Howard they assigned hist'ry to teach
Though I knew it not, and did be-
sech
A deanship was the sphere I did as-
pire.
And yet thus far, alas, failure most dire—
The honor has not deigned down to me reach.
A thought—noble, inspiring thought
Most vauntingly, one day to my brain
went
That by the Board of Education
I might rise and be, without reserva-
tion,
Thirkield's successor—Howard's pres-
ident.
But first, and here my wondrous con-
ception
Did blaze way to that honor's recep-
tion,
I must first the son of a Bruce dis-
lodge,
And in his place behold myself. A
mirage?
Yea some there are who think it de-
ception.
My voice, though be it as a mega-
phone,
Will yet, some day, ring through the
telephone
"The Bear Cat has to Thirkield's van-
tage seat
Succeeded," and there, midst the glare
and heat
Of success, all the deans I will dis-
own.
Disown them? Aye, and more. In
the corner
Of the Trustee Board there will sit
Horner,
My compatriot who helped my suc-
cess
And in the colored schools a fearful
mess
Did make, even though without some
honor.
Success is not gauged by honor
Empty.
It is but prized when places a plenty
Are snatched from ruins of institu-
tions
The people built, without intuitions
Of selfish small men gaining an entry.

To make a record, like a comet tail,
High above heads of sapient critics,
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tics
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Did make, even though without some
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Success is not gauged by honor
Empty.
It is but prized when places a plenty
Are snatched from ruins of institu-
tions
The people built, without intuitions
Of selfish small men gaining an entry.

COLLECTOR ANDERSON'S
GOOD WORK.
He Appoints a Colored Soldier
Deputy Collector.

Collector Charles W. Anderson, of
New York City, has appointed Virgil
H. Parks, a colored man, and former-
ly a trooper in the 10th Cavalry, a di-
vision deputy collector in his district.



Mr. Parks was wounded at the battle
of San Juan Hill while with the 10th,
and prior to that time was a member
of the 25th Infantry. He stood high
up on the civil service list for first
grade appointment. A division deputy
collector is the highest grade of
deputy collector under Mr. Ander-
son's supervision. The appointment
is highly indorsed.

Howard Theater Changes Hands.
The Howard Theater management
has changed hands, and is now under
the personal direction of Mr. Andrew
J. Thomas, who has full control and
a ten-year lease, with an option of
purchasing. Moving picture and vaudeville will be shown and colored
road shows. Mr. Thomas takes charge
on the 23d of October.

HOWARD THEATER
Failed Under Flint—Now Under
Colored Management.

The Howard Theater, which has
been under white management since
the retirement of Mr. W. H. Smith, of
Chicago, has changed hands again
from Mr. Flint, a white manager, to
Mr. Thomas, a colored man, who is running
the Minnehaha so successfully. These
are enterprising men, and will no
doubt make a success. Mr. W. H.
Smith, who was the first manager, or-
ganized the "Our Friend From Dixie"
company and many other successful
combinations. The Bee always stated
that it was a mistake when Mr. Smith
left this theater. He was a dignified
business man, and the sanitary con-
dition of the theater never was better.
He always saw that the patrons of
the theater were looked after and po-
litely treated. Miss F. M. Tyson, who
is now managing the theater, is an
enterprising and a thorough race wo-
man, and would be a great acquisition
to the new management. The Bee
wishes the new enterprise success.

A Difference.
Oliver Randolph ought to know that
there is a difference between a law-
yer that has passed the bar examina-
tion and is in active practice than one
that has made two or three attempts
and then failed.



The Board & McGuire Drug Co., with stores at 1912 1/2 14th St. and 9th and You Sts., N. W., report the beginning of the heaviest fall trade in the history of their business. This firm has always stood for QUALITY in drugs and medicines, as well as in their famous ice cream soda, and quality always draws the discriminating buyer.

Mr. Stanley Barnett, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting his father-in-law in this city.

Dr. John R. Francis, Jr., has been appointed dental examiner in the public schools.

Miss Addie L. Miles and Mr. Joseph C. King, both of Baltimore, Md., were married in this city on September 27. Mr. and Mrs. King are now at home, 2021 Druid Hill Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. George W. Mitchell, of Class '11, Howard University, having accepted a position as head of the department of mathematics in the Albany Normal School, Albany, Ga., sailed Wednesday afternoon, September 27th, from his home in Baltimore. Many friends gathered at the pier to extend good wishes.

Miss Ruth Smith, of Wilmington, Del., is attending Howard University.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Henry are visiting their mother in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. C. C. Cook, who has been spending the summer in Buffalo has resumed his studies at Howard University.

Mr. H. A. Allen, a senior of Howard University Medical School, has returned to this city after spending a very pleasant summer in the North, East and West.

Mrs. Madeline Moss, who has been the guest of Mrs. Susan Goodrich, for several weeks, has returned to her home in Richmond, Va., after a delightful visit here.

Misses Louise Purvis, Marie Forrest, and Bernice Lewis, of Charleston, S. C., arrived here last week to enter Howard University.

Messrs. Louis Pelling, and James Jackson, of Charleston, S. C., have arrived here.

Mr. Luther C. Mitchell, of Baltimore, Md., has returned to this city to resume his studies at Howard University.

Mr. Willard Lane returned to Shaw University last week, where he resumed his studies in the Medical School.

Messrs. William H. Mason and J. William Monroe, visited friends in Baltimore, Md., on last Sunday.

Mr. J. B. Walker returned to this city last Saturday evening, after spending a pleasant summer in the North, East and West.

Mrs. Cynthia Parker is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Patten, in Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Kathryn Patten, of Harrisburg, Pa., has returned to this city.

Mrs. Mary Spootwood, of Harrisburg, Pa., is spending two or three weeks in this city.

Miss Susie Beckwith, of Steelton, Pa., formerly a student of Oberlin College, is pursuing a course in the Teachers' College, Howard University.

Mr. John F. N. Wilkinson is the guest of his daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. George E. Cannon, on Pacific Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Miss Ray is visiting Mrs. James Taylor, in Hartford, Conn.

Chas. Lanon, of Brownsville, Pa., is attending Howard University.

Messrs. Sherman Lee and Leslie Faulks, of Hampton, Va., are in the city.

Miss Rosa Hershaw has returned to Manassas, Va., where she will resume her duties in the Manassas Industrial Institute.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Mr. Gilbert Gray, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Boone, in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Estelle Payne, who has been visiting Mrs. Giles I. Cuffee, in Norfolk, Va., has returned to this city after a delightful trip.

Miss M. E. Vernon, of this city, was the recent guest of Mrs. W. W. Wallace, in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Louise Burrell, of this city, is sightseeing in New York City.

Miss Halarie Friend is now cashier in Harlem Crescent Theater, New York City.

Misses Florence Carter and Clara Coates are the guests of Mrs. Lillian Hart, in New York City.

Messrs. James W. Grandy and Leonard B. Salmen, of New York City, have returned to Howard University.

Mrs. Mary L. Jackson, who has been visiting friends in Providence, R. I., is now in Boston, Mass., where she will spend several days.

Mr. J. O. Carrington has returned to this city.

Mr. George B. Ross, Jr., who has been spending the summer in Portland, Me., has come to this city to pursue a business course at Howard University.

Mr. John Pinkett, Amherst '11, a resident of this city, has gone to Jackson College, in Jackson, Miss., to

teach.

Mrs. King, of Suffolk, Va., is visiting her brother, Mr. O. Bernard, on Ninth Street Northwest.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Mrs. W. W. Sell, of San Antonio, Tex., is visiting her son, Mr. A. Wood, and relatives here.

Mr. Horner Saunders, of Indianapolis, Ind., has entered Howard University.

Mr. and Mrs. James Williams are visiting friends in Starkville, Miss.

Miss Lizzie Tarant, of Atlanta, Ga., is pursuing a course in dressmaking at Howard University.

Col. Henry Lincoln Johnson was in Atlanta, Ga., last week.

Miss Aloysius McClain, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has come to this city to take a course in train nursing.

Mrs. C. C. Webb, of Cincinnati, O., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Webb.

Mr. William H. Mason will leave the city about October 16th to visit Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Toronto, New York City, and Philadelphia.

Oscar Preston has gone to New York City where he will reside in the future.

Mrs. Ethel Parrott Pope has been spending the past three weeks in Westfield, N. J., with her cousins.

Mr. Bruce Dawson, of Huntsville, Ala., has returned to Howard University.

Mrs. Louise Johnson and children, of Baltimore, Md., visited her mother and sisters on D Street Southeast, last Sunday.

Do you want first-class job printing done? If so, call or send to W. Calvin Chase, Jr., 1109 I Street Northwest, for an estimate.

If you want first-class service in the funeral line, go to the Jones brothers, whose advertisement you will see in The Bee.

Miss Sarah Crutchfield, of Montreal, Canada, is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Curtis. Miss Crutchfield is on her way to Sciota Seminary, N. C.

Miss Wilhelmina M. Wilson left the city last week for her home in Abbeville, S. C.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Miss Mamie N. Sewell is receiving congratulations on her appointment as a domestic science teacher in the Baltimore schools. Occasionally she will visit this city to join her many friends, regardless of the fact that she is universally known in Baltimore, and the recipient of much social attention.

Mrs. Edwin D. Vanderhoop visited her daughter, Mrs. Anna Hayson, at Kenilworth, D. C., on her return from the West.

Mrs. A. L. Leonard, of First Street Northwest, returned to the city Sunday from Culpeper, Va., where she spent a week most pleasantly as the guest of Mrs. Betty Brown.

Mrs. Ruth G. Lee Anderson, of Philadelphia, was in the city this week to attend the funeral of her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Hollin.

Mrs. M. L. Jones, of New Haven, Conn., after spending a few weeks with her daughter, Miss Arline E. Jones, left this city Saturday for Philadelphia, Pa., where she will spend a while before returning to her home.

Mrs. Mable Bruce Jeter, of Newport, R. I., is expected in the city.

Mr. Ernest Lewis has returned to this city after a pleasant summer in the North.

Seasons may come and seasons may change, but the crowds go on forever at the two drug stores of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th St. and 9th and You Sts., N. W. Two places where Ella V. C. Williams arrived in the city from Abbeville, S. C., on a visit last week. She will remain several days.

Mrs. L. S. Keys, who has been quite ill, is able to be up and out again.

Quietly Married.

Miss Marie Jackson and Mr. Nathaniel Smith, of Shreveport, La., were quietly married in this city Tuesday evening, September 26, 1911, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mims, after which the couple left for New York and Philadelphia. Rev. L. E. B. Roscoe officiated.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS.

The ladies of Olive Relief Association will have their annual sermon preached Sunday evening at Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, O Street Northwest, by Rev. U. G. Leeper.

The "Cosmovilla" to be held at Mt. Zion M. E. Church in the near future, promises to be highly entertaining, under the management of Miss Fannie Hayes and others, who are arranging this rare treat of amusement.

The 49th anniversary and rally of the First Baptist Church, Twenty-seventh and Dumbarton Avenue, will be held Monday, October 9, to Sunday, October 15, and interesting program during the week. All are welcome. Rev. E. E. Ricks, pastor.

The new agency for The Bee will be at the Smith drug store, where the

paper will be sold at 5 cents per copy.

Among the Churches.

Rev. D. M. Oliver, of Union Wesley A. M. E. Z. Church, with his congregation and choir, visited the congregation of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church on Friday evening, and delivered an excellent sermon. Rev. U. S. Leeper, the pastor of Ebenezer, in a few remarks, thanked the pastor and his congregation, promising to return the visit at a later date.

The musical given at the First Baptist Church Friday evening by the Gordon music class, was very largely attended. The pupils showed much skill in their piano efforts. Miss Gordon deserves much encouragement in her work, as was voiced by Prof. Daniels, who was present and presented prizes to Miss E. Richards and A. Thompson for having made the greatest progress during the term.

A party, entitled "The Measuring," was given on Thursday evening last by Circle I, of the First Baptist Church at the residence of the pastor, Rev. E. E. Ricks, 1523 Church Street Northwest.

Rev. W. A. Ray, pastor of Metropolitan Wesley Zion A. M. E. Church, preached last Wednesday night at the First Baptist Church. A large audience was present and enjoyed the beautiful anthem of the choir of Wesley church, who were present.

Dr. Cabanis's Run.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cabanis have just returned home from their vacation, having completed a six week's auto trip, taking in all the New England States. During their stay they received much social attention from their friends. They were gone fifty days, and motored about two thousand miles and slept in nineteen beds.

Ladies' Social Club.

The Chrysalis Cultural Club met Monday evening at the residence of Miss Imogene Clarkston, 300 T Street. Officers elected were Miss Lillian Evans, president; Miss Imogene Clarkston, treasurer; Miss Louise Howard, secretary. The club members planned a very interesting program for their coming meetings. They anticipate much profit and pleasure from their discussions along the lines of literature, music and art. They propose also to help several charitable causes. The members of the Chrysalis Cultural Club are: Miss Lillian Evans, Imogene Clarkston, Louise Howard, Miriam Wormley, Evelyn Moss, Adella Parks, Pearl Lewis and Willard Hall.

Christian Endeavor.

E. C. Williams, principal of M Street High School, delivered a very interesting and practical talk to the Christian Endeavor Society, of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church at the opening meeting of that society on Sunday. The speaker urged the Endeavorers to extend their work beyond the confines of the church proper, and into the alleys and courts of the city, where hundreds are sadly in need of uplifting influences. Mr. Williams stated that there is a natural tendency on the part of the more fortunate of the race to get away from those needing help. He made a special appeal to his audience not to let the other race show more interest in our own people than we show.

The speaker impressed his listeners with the fact that many a boy and girl born in the slums and among depravity had risen to great heights because in their childhood they had been given a "boost" along the right path by the more fortunate of their race. "All such a class of people need," said the speaker, "is to see that you are interested in them and are willing to help them. And remember, that we as a race, will rise only as we lift up those who are less fortunate than we."

Dr. J. H. N. Waring made a short talk in which he impressed upon the audience the need for more social service.

The meeting this Sunday tends to be equally as interesting.

HOWARD LAW SCHOOL.

Opening, With Wm. H. Lewis as the Speaker Makes a Great Hit by the Delivery of a Fine Address.

"Splendid," "Magnificent," "the best ever." Such were some of the expressions heard Monday evening, from those in attendance, when Hon. Wm. H. Lewis, Assistant Attorney General, finished his address before the law students of Howard University Law School, at the opening of the school. It was Mr. Lewis' first appearance before a Washington audience, since his elevation to the distinguished position of Assistant Attorney General, and he faced a large, appreciative, and perhaps the most critical of audiences, every one present being capable of judging between merit and that which is an imitation.

Mr. Lewis was never in better spirits, being at his best. The ovation tendered him when he arose to speak, and the applause that followed the completion of his address, showed clearly that he had captured the hearts of Howard Law School students. Every member of the faculty present was highly pleased with the address, freighted, as it was, with good advice and inspiration. Prof. W. H. Hart, the idol of the students, referred to Mr. Lewis' address as simply "splendid." Many lawyers, white and colored, were present, besides many of the faculty of Howard University academic department. Considering the address, the audience, and the number of students entered, since the most propitious opening since the foundation of the Howard Law School.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS.

Regulars Gaining Recruits—Progressives on the Downward Road—The Best Men Leaving.

Ever since some of the members of the Fairmount Heights Citizens Association bolted the organization a few months ago and set up a rival association under the name of Progressives, and opened its doors to the women folks of the community for the purpose of increasing their membership and exalting one or two of these men bolters, the Regulars, or the original association, have incessantly resorted to peaceful means of every description to induce these original bolters and their misguided followers, including many of the latest and intelligent additions to the community, to see the error of their action and return to a more united effort toward the advancement of the community.

Mainly among the efforts pursued by the Regulars are the mass meetings of all the male citizens of the community, and the political meetings held almost weekly within the last six or seven weeks. In these public meetings the slogan of union has been kept alive at every opportunity, so much so that at a recent mass meeting held in the Town Hall, in response to a resolution passed asking for a vote on union between the Regular and so-called Progressive associations, every man present voted in its favor. Following this resolution a motion was passed to appoint an arbitration committee—five men from each association—to consider and draw up plans upon which the two associations could merge. This joint committee was appointed at once by the presidents of the two associations—five men from each organization. But upon announcing the names of these committees which were to act jointly upon the proposition of union of the two associations, it was found that the leader of the so-called progressives had "packed" his committee not only with a majority of persons of fixed prejudices against union and principles of self-government and intelligent measures, but had also filled the fifth vacancy on his half of the committee with a female resident, not only in defiance of the character of this mass meeting of male citizens, but for the additional reason that she too was unalterably opposed to any union of sentiment and peaceful activity in the community among men or women working jointly or separately.

Of course, as was foreseen, no progress could therefore be made. The so-called progressives met last Tuesday night to receive a spurious report from their half of the arbitration committee (which met among themselves without such authority). They reported to remain in isolation among themselves, under the sound of their own voices and under the whip of their female bug-a-boo, the sting of which is strong and lasting. This report was simply intended to re-create old dissensions and discord against union; and fortunately it was so received. The militant females and the few hen-pecks expected it, and of course accepted it by common consent. But—and this is the point—majority of the real men present were also expecting just such a report, but differently, of course, to reject it. Results: This latter contingent of individual manhood, composing the brain and civic ambition monopoly of those present escaped further embarrassment and intimidation from the militant females and their husband followers by resigning and otherwise forfeiting their membership forthwith. The Regulars have therefore richly gained by this move. The nature of the extent to which they have gained will be told in detail in due time, and after the general love feast the name of every man who is helping in this noble and patriotic fight will be published, and Fairmount Heights will move on to greater things.

MASONIC NOTES.

At the large enthusiastic meeting of the Masonic Hall building association held on the evening of September 28, it was decided that \$100,000 should be raised in two years for the purpose of erecting a new Masonic Hall. About \$10,000 was subscribed. Subscription lists will be opened in every department of the craft to raise the other \$90,000.

R. A. M.

The most excellent Grand High Priest Companion, Geo. S. Neuman and council will pay the annual grand visitation as follows: Mt. Vernon, Friday, October 6. St. John's, Thursday, October 12. Simon, Wednesday, October 18. Keystone, Tuesday, October 24.

F. A. A. M.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master, Bro. N. E. Wetherless and his officers have been paying the annual grand visitations to the several Blue Lodges during the month. All have been largely attended, and hearty receptions given the Grand Master and his staff. John F. Cook Lodge worked degrees on five candidates on Tuesday night.

K. T.

Mt. Calvary Commandery No. 4, held a largely attended meeting on Monday, and received the Right Eminent Gr. Com. John P. Turner and staff. The asylum room was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The commandery then elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Sir Kts. Geo. W. Robinson, E. C. Hall, About \$10,000 was subscribed. Subscription lists will be opened in every department of the craft to raise the other \$90,000.

A. A. S. Rit.

The United Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction will convene in Baltimore on Monday, October 16th at its 24th annual session.

The Sovereign Grand Commander, L. H. Smith, has been quite sick. Mt. Calvary commandery will hold a grand reception on October 23.

Hon. Lady Anna V. Thomas is convalescent.

Park Association.

The Howard Park Citizens' Association will resume its work at an initial meeting to be held at the Church of Our Redeemer, Eighth Street, below Barry Place, on Monday evening, October 9, at 8 o'clock.

Kastle Park For Sale

The residence of the old Kastle Estate which is located on a tract of thirteen acres of land, on an eminence which affords one of the finest views to be had in the District, overlooking a large expansive territory, and is always dry, which makes it healthy both in the Winter and Summer. This building, which cost between seven and eight thousand dollars, is a large, handsome bungalow, sixty feet square, and has every city convenience, bath, electric lights, and heated by a large furnace in the basement, which extends under the whole structure. The hall is sixty feet long and about fifteen feet wide, while the rooms on the East side are twenty feet square, with bath room between fifteen wide by twenty long, and the front room on the West side is also twenty feet square, but the remaining rooms and kitchen are not so large. There are also two nice rooms in the attic. The verandas on the North and East sides of the house are about twelve feet wide, and extend the whole length of the building, with wire screens for Summer use.

THIS IS WITHOUT DOUBT A MOST ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL HOME, AND COULD BE USED FOR A SCHOOL, HOSPITAL OR SANATORIUM, AND THE GROUND WHICH GOES WITH IT CONTAINS 27,722.35 SQUARE FEET, OR AS MUCH MORE AS IS DESIRED, WITH A YOUNG APPLE OR PEACH ORCHARD, AN ABUNDANCE OF GRAPES AND PEARS, AND A SPLENDID GARDEN, AND IS ONLY SOME THREE OR FOUR MINUTES' WALK FROM STREET CAR LINE.

Price of this very valuable property is \$6,500. Building lots adjoining this property may be purchased at low prices and on easy terms.

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ANNIE MUNNERLYN, Proprietress

ciation will resume its work at an initial meeting to be held at the Church of Our Redeemer, Eighth Street, below Barry Place, on Monday evening, October 9, at 8 o'clock.

The good work accomplished by this association has gained for it a strong place in the confidence of the people, and it will begin its fall campaign under the inspiration of a large program of useful projects which it hopes to see completed in the interest of civic betterment.

Dr. J. Milton Waldron, of Shiloh Baptist Church, will be the chief speaker at the Monday evening meeting, and everybody is cordially invited. There will be music and other addresses by members and others.

DuBois.

The address of Dr. DuBois before the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night was a brilliant effort. The Doctor agreed with Dr. Shepard in that the Negro can only be improved by religious teachings. This is Dr. Shepard's theory.

In Ohio.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 2. Mrs. Virginia Holland, widow of the late Col. Milton M. Holland, of this city, is spending a few weeks in Cleveland, Ohio, as the guest of ex-Senator and Mrs. John P. Green. Senator Green has just purchased a beautiful residence in the fashionable section of Cleveland, containing all modern improvements, including electricity and natural gas.

A Democratic Call.

Bishop Alexander Waters has issued a call for a conference of Democratic Negroes to meet at his house in New York. The Hon. L. C. Moore will lead the Washington delegation.

MORRIS BROWN COLLEGE.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 29. The students of Morris Brown College have sent a protest to the trustees of the college requesting the immediate removal of the president of the college, who, they say, is not a college man. The protest is signed by twenty-two students, who say that they will cast their lot elsewhere if action is not taken.

COLOR THE STICKING POINT

From the Cleveland (O.) Leader. If "Jack" Johnson were a white man British moral sense would prevent him from fighting the English pugilist Wells, in London. Moral questions have not interfered with other much-advertised ring encounters in the same city, within the last year or two.

If Johnson were pretty sure to get whipped by Wells there would be no stopping the fight, color or no color. Then some powerful interests which now oppose the battle would be on the other side.

The real trouble with the British authorities is that they know the American, the black man, would be almost certain to win, and they cannot stand the prospect of such a spectacle. There are practical reasons for this, as well as the common race prejudice which would be a force to be reckoned with anywhere.

In large parts of the British empire it is vital to the maintenance of existing conditions, without greatly increased expense and danger to the powers that be, to keep up the prestige of the white race and make much of the supposed inferiority of all men

Read The Bee.

with dark skins. This is imperative because there are great masses of colored men dominated and made to stand aside by a small minority of white men.

This is true in South Africa and in Egypt, where England does not yet rule by law though she does in fact. It is so in India where the difference between the alien masters and the native masses is more a matter of color than of race, in the broad sense. Similar conditions exist in the British West Indies, where the bulk of the population is black. It is the same in the Malay peninsula and islands of the East Indies such as Borneo.

For this reason British imperialists dread the effect of the knocking out of a British champion prizefighter, who has been a British soldier and bears an army nickname, by an American who is of African blood. They fear the influence of such a fight upon the rising self-confidence and self-assertiveness of dark-skinned races living under the Union Jack.

Protests against permitting the Johnson-Wells fight have been sent to the British government from South Africa, where colored men are denied the franchise and kept in subjection to the whites in many ways. Race prejudice is tangled up with imperial politics, and that combination makes the task of the British moralists comparatively easy in their efforts to prevent the Johnson-Wells fight.

If Wells were an assured winner or had better than an even chance—but that, as Kipling used to say, is another story.

THINGS TO HAPPEN.

Attorney R. R. Horner and Supt. R. C. Bruce on a fishing expedition.

W. M. Trotter and Dr. Booker T. Washington seated upon the same platform.

The two sundown editors, praising the virtues of Auditor Tyler.

R. W. Thompson and Fred Ware editing the same paper.

Attorneys Thomas L. Jones and Armond W. Scott associated in a divorce case.

Attorneys Augustus W. Gray and Royal Hughes in the same automobile.

Judge Robert H. Terrell and Attorney Robert L. Waring dining at Martin's Cafe.

Dr. A. M. Curtis and Lieut. R. E. Toomey composing lyric poetry.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell and Attorney A. R. Horner voting together on the Board of Education.

Capt. Oyster and Commissioner Judson agreeing on school estimates.

Dr. Waldron and Rev. J. Anderson Taylor exchanging pulpits.

Wm. Jennings Bryan and the Democratic party in harmony.

Napoleon Marshall and R. C. Bruce conferring on the school questions.

James F. Armstrong and Charles E. Payne taking communion from the same cup.

Joseph H. Jones and David Warner discussing how it all happened.

Read The Bee.

MME. T. D. PERKINS SCIENTIFIC SCALP SPECIALIST

4630 West 35th Avenue, Denver, Colo.



This Tells The Story Copyrighted March 24th, '10
Woman, Stop, Wait, Listen, Read

Madam T. D. Perkins, of Denver, Colo., who has spent five years in study of the scalp, is now interesting women all over the globe in the care of the hair and scalp. No matter how dark your skin is, Madam Perkins' matchless scalp preparations and scientific method of treatment for cultivating, beautifying and growing the hair will grow your hair if there is no physical ailment to prevent. Her treatments have been successful where all others have failed. Have you written her? If not, and you want hair like her own, write her today. Be sure to enclose a 4-cent stamp and write your name and address very plain if you expect a reply. Don't write unless you mean business.

If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her.—I Cor. 11-15.

Every Woman Can Have That Glory If She Wishes It.

This is for you. No more ironed hair, but soft, long, beautiful hair that need not be put on the dresser on retiring. Do you want this kind of hair? If so, write for particulars to Madam T. D. Perkins, the Scientific Scalp Specialist of Denver, Colo., who is astonishing the world with her wonderful art of growing hair.

My own hair is my best advertisement. With these treatments my hair grew 17 inches in two years. It had remained one length (four inches) for 15 years. What I did for my hair I am doing for hundreds of others, and will do for you with my Matchless Scientific Scalp Preparations. My treatment stops falling hair or breaking off, cures split ends, removes dandruff and scalp scurf, causes the hair to grow long, no matter how short; soft, no matter how harsh; thick, no matter how thin; straight from the bulbs, no matter how kinky. First treatment will show wonderful improvement. Do not wait if you are interested in your hair. I give treatments all over the United States by mail. Write me at once. I send booklet OF INFORMATION, and testimonials of those taking my treatments when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I do not have agents. I need a personal history of your hair and scalp and your physical condition.

All mail promptly answered when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I am the only woman of the race growing hair today who can show the public the real length my hair was when I first began treating it. Send for booklet if you mean business. You can secure these preparations from me. None like them made in the world. The T. D. P. Scientific Scalp Preparation, Madam Perkins, sole agent.

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LADIES VOLUNTEER

Publicly Give This Lady, Madam McNairde, the Praise.

The Dallas Express:
For she is certainly worthy of praise that she has done for our homes. May God bless her and her days be long on earth. We pray.

Testimonials.
To Whom It May Concern:
I am a married woman and have been for ten years. I had only lived six months in any peace on earth in my home until I consulted this worthy woman. Two years ago, and since then, my home, by taking her advice, has been all that any family could wish. I am, your sister in Christ.
MRS. W. H. H.,
Sherman, Texas.

To Whom It May Concern:

My dear readers, you are missing half of your life in misery and shame, worrying with a man that will not try once to please you, cherish or comfort you, and hold a bright light of good moral conduct before his children, by making home happy. Now, listen: If you have sighed, worried, cried and pleaded with him, and to no avail, you pray and let Madam McNairde advise you. I know you will never regret it. My husband was a drunkard, a run-about and around, a gambler, and the most wicked man that our Lord ever let live, until all at once, after reading so often of this woman, I took up courage and let her hear from me. Today, I will say it on a stair-steps of Bibles, I have a model man in every respect. I will praise this woman as long as I have breath. She made my husband a man, a husband, a gentleman.
I am, yours in Christ and S. M. T.,
MRS. T. G. D.,
Oklahoma, Okla.



My Dear Friends:

I am now making my own volunteer statement because this lady has caused me to be so happy. I would like so much to give you my name, but I hope you know why. I went with a young man two years ago and we spat all the time. We were twice engaged and he would disappoint me, until I consulted this wonderful lady. Now we are married, and have been for near three years. He is so nice and kind to me. I told him a few months ago of this advice, and he would not agree with me until he lost his job, and he then made up his mind, and do you know that my husband has one of the best jobs of his life by consulting her. No matter what you want to do or know, let her hear from you, and I vow you will never regret it. I can not help believing that she is sent of God to do just what she is doing, and you never hear of a thing ugly that she has done. I visited her during the K. of P. Supreme Lodge, and I never met a nicer lady. I am a Christian and a leader in a good many church clubs. We chatted a good deal of such things. I find her very entertaining. I am, as ever, her friend,
MRS. POSIE T. M.,
Washington, D. C.

To Whom It May Concern:

I have always been one of those that did not give any thought of this until about four years ago I had a great trouble and it cost me almost every dime I had, and my mother asked me one day to tell some of this trouble to this woman that we read so much about in our papers. Mother says, "I feel that she can help you." I had to laugh with tears in my eyes, for I was in jail; then finally I said, "Suit yourself; anything now, so I can clear and get out of here." She let this woman hear from her and about me. We never can forget what this woman said in reply. She said in substance: "If you will pray and trust God, I will do the rest." And bless her today and forever, I was called to trial, and every witness that could be found spoke in my behalf, and those who did not could not be found. I was returned to jail twice and then set free. Do you blame me for saying she is a power unknown to help those who seek her aid? I am now doing business for myself and making good. Every month I send her twenty dollars. I have done this for four months, and shall always divide my last dime with her. I am her friend at all times.
G. A. CAMERON,
Jacksonville.

Thousands are flocking to see this wonderful lady daily. Her powerful consultation when needed has sent sunshine to the homes of all who called. Don't put off, but call at once, if you wish to enjoy future happiness. Don't delay. Highly endorsed by all the press, teachers, preachers, lawyers and doctors, and come well recommended by four of the leading lodges, the S. M. T., United Order of True Reformers, also the Calathan Court. The church society of her home, known by the name of United Sisters of Charity of the Missionary Church, and loved by all. God has endowed her with an unspeakable blessing to and humanity. She deals in nothing to be ashamed of.

She wants to hear from all that are in trouble or distress. Address
MADAM McNAIRDE,
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HOME OF FALCONRY.

The Kirghiz Train the Golden Eagle to Hunt Wolves and Foxes.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm. Central Asia is the home of falconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings. But imagine the ambition of the men who fly their birds at wolves and foxes instead of at quails and partridges! Not content with hunting game birds with small falcons, the Kirghiz capture and train the great golden eagles, with which they hunt such game as gazelles, foxes and even wolves.

A well mounted Kirghiz falconer, carrying on his wrist one of these magnificent birds, is a fine sight. The weight of the eagle is such that the owner requires a support for his wrist, and the hunters are usually to be seen with a little wooden bracket that supports the arm against the hip. The eagles are hooded, as all falcons are, but can be used only in winter, when they are hungry and keen. In summer they are fed on marmots and live a vestral life, sitting in the sun in front of the tent doors.

When gazelles or wolves are the objects of the chase the eagles are aided by long, sleek greyhounds of a small breed, the dogs running in and pulling down the quarry when the eagles have sufficiently bewildered it.—Wide World Magazine.

NATURE'S PAINT BRUSH.

Colors, Shades and Tints That Cannot Be Reproduced by Man.

Nature paints in the most striking colors and shades and tints with a delicacy never achieved by the brush in the hands of the artist. The highest ambition of the manufacturer of paints is to produce colors which look like nature's. The yhave never succeeded. Grass has a green of its own. So has the leaf and so has the distant ocean. None of these has ever been reproduced and put in cans with a price label on them.

Winter applies now repose on the shelves of the paint chemists. Honor awaits the man who can combine colors to produce the tints of red of the Baldwin and Northern Spy. They come pretty near it, that is all. The same is true of the colors with which October first touches the maple leaf.

If all the paint grinding works in the world were multiplied ten thousand times they couldn't turn out pigment enough in a year to do what nature does in a change from season to season.

Nature's brush is busy everywhere all the time. In the life of a leaf it applies the brush day by day, following with its tints from budding time until it flutters from the branch. It touches the valleys and the hills, the growing grains, the flowering plants. Never is it idle.—New York World.

Legend of Holyrood Palace.

Holyrood palace, Edinburgh, Scotland, once a British royal residence, is the subject of a strange legend. Robert Louis Stevenson alludes to it in his little book on Edinburgh. "There is a silly story," he writes, "of a subterranean passage between the castle of Holyrood and a bold highland piper who volunteered to explore its windings. He made his entrance by the upper end, playing a strathspey. The curious footed it after him down the street, following his descent by the sound of the chanter from below, until all of a sudden, about the level of St. Giles', the music came abruptly to an end and the people in the street stood at fault with hands uplifted. Whether he was choked with gases or perished in a quag or was removed bodily by the evil one remains a point of doubt, but the piper has never again been seen or heard of from that day to this."

National Shortightedness.

"In this country," said the sociologist, "everything possible is done to discourage people from marrying."

"How so?" inquired one of the listeners.
"You have to buy the marriage license, fee the preacher, the boys give you what they call a 'shivaree,' your friends throw old shoes at you, the newspapers print caricatures of you, life insurance agents bound you, you bump right up against the cost of living, and if you find you've made a mistake you have to go to no end of trouble to get a divorce."—Chicago Tribune.

His Strong Point.

"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful as he looked over the teacher's figures. "You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down th' studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing." "And what's that?" hopefully inquired the father.
"Fightin'." I can lick any boy in th' class!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cutting Down the Butcher's Bill.
"Isn't there any way to cut down a butcher's bill?" asked Tightwad, sarcastically addressing his meat man.
"Why, yes, Mr. Tightwad," said the latter. "You might pay a little on account now and then."—Harper's Weekly.

Judged It by Himself.

Tawkins—Why does a hen cross the road? Poorpeigh—Really don't know! A hen hasn't any tailor.—Boston Transcript.

A RECORD FALL.

A French Decorator Jumped From a Height of Eighty-two Feet and Sustained No Damage.

Writing in 1841 of a fall from an immense altitude which did not result in death, a French observer, M. Manzi, declares that he had searched in vain in the annals of science for a similar case. We can well believe it.

The victim or patient was a tapestry dealer who had been engaged in putting up decorations on the occasion of the belated obsequies of Napoleon the Great in the lofty dome of the Church of the Invalides in Paris. When busy moving a ladder on the top of a high scaffolding he overbalanced himself and, in obedience to some obscure instinct, jumped clear of the ladder and the platform, crying to his fellow workmen as only a Frenchman would, "Behold me quit!" With these cheerful words on his lips he fell eighty-two feet, bounding in one place off the roof of a little dome, which caused him to describe a second parabola in the air, and landing finally, feet first, on the slate roof of a small sacristy.

Crashing through the slates, he landed astride a rafter, where he was found sitting, surprised but coherent, for he was able to give his name and address when asked for them. He had no recollection of this and became unconscious when put to bed shortly afterward under the care of the great Pasquier. His insensibility lasted a very short time, however, and he made an extraordinary rapid recovery, having sustained no apparent injuries, either external or internal. At the end of a month Pasquier found him quite well.—London Lancet.

THE SQUAW'S SHAWL.

It Must Be Just So to Suit Her Fastidious Taste.

The Indian wears his blanket on the hottest summer days. His theory is that if it keeps out the cold in winter it will keep out the heat in summer, says Ben M. Myers of Oklahoma City.

While he might not care to buy anything else expensive, the price of a suitable blanket is never questioned, but it would be difficult indeed to deceive him as to the texture of any robe.

"A squaw will imitate almost anything that pleases her fancy, but in the matter of her blanket or shawl she exhibits an unusual amount of individuality. With great care and patience she designs her blanket, and when she places the order with the mill man he does not dare duplicate it until she has had an opportunity to wear it."

"If she makes the request that it shall not be duplicated her wishes are regarded, because it is the one article she possesses in which exclusiveness is much coveted and also because what would please one squaw would not appear at all attractive to another."

"The lightweight shawl or blanket is thrown over the head of the squaw, and unless she is able to purchase a bright colored silk kerchief it will serve as her only bonnet as well. It is just as common a sight now to see the papoose securely bound on the back of its mother by a portion of her blanket as it used to be to see the wee head of the Indian babe peeping from the tekas, or frame cradle."—Washington Herald.

Confidence in the Mail.

Having sent a strong box key by mail in an unregistered letter, a clerk was told by his employer that the key "arrived O. K.," but that the means of transportation adopted showed too much confidence. In answer the clerk said, "Ever since a New Year's eve incident of two years' standing my confidence in the postoffice is great." And pressed for an explanation he said: "That evening, or early in the morning rather, a man came out of a restaurant rather the worse for celebrating. He had a wallet in his pocket containing considerable money and was uncertain as to the honesty of his companions. He went to a letter box, forced the wallet through the slot and continued to make a night of it. It required considerable red tape to recover his property, but he got it."—New York Tribune.

Tipping and Treating.

There are two practices in this country that are being justly condemned. One is tipping and the other treating. To be sure, we are not responsible for originating either. Away back in the days of Queen Elizabeth every coffee house had a box bearing the inscription, "To Insure Promptness," hence T. I. P. Neither is treating an innovation. Some of the Casars, so says history, used to get huffy when their guests could not see the bottom of the glass often enough. But both have got such a hold on Americans that they have come to be recognized as national habits, and the latter sometimes as a national evil.—Indianapolis News.

A Willing Witness.

"Did his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.
"What was that, sir?"
"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"
"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all round the place."—Saturday Evening Post.

Women and Their Idols.

"Women adore idols."
"Do they?"
"Don't they? Why, when a woman's idol proves human she's stronger for it than ever."—Toledo Blade.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

WASHING FURNITURE.

Tarnished Furniture is Easily Restored to Original Freshness by This Method.

"Very few people know that furniture ought to be washed," said a salesman in the furniture section of a large department store. "Yet," he continued, "it is the best thing one can do to keep furniture looking as well as it should. One should take a bucket of tepid rain-water and make a suds with a good pure soap. Then with a soft piece of cheesecloth all the woodwork should be washed. It is astonishing how much dirt will come off. A second piece of cheesecloth should be wrung dry out of hot water. On this should be poured a tablespoon of first class furniture polish. The heat will spread the polish through the cloth. Next the furniture should be gone over with the second cloth. There will be no need of putting on more polish, for that much will do all one needs. Too many persons make the mistake of using too much polish and leaving it thick on the furniture, where it looks dauby and where it gathers more dirt."

There is furniture in homes today that is cast off because of its appearance when it might be brought back to its original freshness by this simple process of washing. Many persons do not know that a fine bit of mahogany is improved by careful washing, and hundreds of pianos have never been more than dusted in years. A square of cheesecloth for the washing and another for the polishing will do the work, and the result will well repay the effort.—Indianapolis News.

HOT DRINKS.

If Taken Above 130 Degrees They Injure the Stomach.

Many people without realizing it are in the habit of drinking tea at much too high a temperature. Sir Henry Thompson points out in his book on "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity."

"Few persons are aware that they habitually swallow hot liquids, tea especially, at a temperature which if applied to the hands or feet would inflict painful scalds. Most tea drinkers take it about 140 to 145 degrees F., which the mouth bears very well if slowly sipped, while the cup itself is too hot to be held by any hand."

"But the habit of swallowing such tea is injurious to the stomach, and it ought not to be taken above 130 degrees or so. Again, water at 120 degrees, which feels a little more than lukewarm in the mouth, causes severe pain if the hand is dipped in it and cannot be endured."

He has, however, some good words to say for the early morning tea.

"This morning tea in any case should be taken at least an hour and a half before the first meal of the day. For many years I have been accustomed to write for an hour every morning in bed after tea, as I am doing at this moment, and at no time do I find the brain clearer for work, while the appetite for solid food is excellent when the hour for breakfast arrives."

Trudging Far the Wash.

The Portuguese country people as a usual thing have great physical endurance, doubtless as a result of the "survival of the fittest" for many generations. The laundry workers are an example of this. People come in from long distances to get soiled clothes of city customers. The clothes will be placed in big panniers on the family donkey, and the peasants will start back late in the afternoon. Some of them will travel all night, and it will be sunup before they reach their homes, many miles from Lisbon or Oporto. A day or two later they are trudging back to deliver the clothes, now spotlessly clean, and to get another lot from the same patron. Many a countryman and his wife take a jaunt of fifteen miles or more, which makes one think that there might be many who could rival the feats of Weston and O'Leary as walkers if they tried.—Christian Herald.

An Early "Trust."

As an example of trusts and monopolies prevalent even in that early day it may be mentioned that in 1750 one Benjamin Crabb obtained the exclusive right to make sperm candles in Massachusetts for fourteen years. A year later, however, a factory was started in Providence, R. I., and within the decade there were eight factories in New England and one in Philadelphia. Their output greatly reduced the price of candles, which not long before sold for 6 shillings a pound. In those days \$1.25 was worth fully three times as much as it is now.—Hudson Moore in Designer.

The Sixteenth Century Critic.
"But why, prithee," contended the first critic, "should this new playwright, Shixpur, have introduced a comic gravedigging scene into his tragedy, perdie?"

"Tis easy of solution, by hen," answered the second critic. "Our author hath put in gravediggers for the purpose of unearthing a plot! Boy, a cup of sack!"

Wit was crude in them days.—Cleveland Leader.

Placing the Blame.
Little Eva—Mamma, didn't you say that if my new dolly got broke somebody would have to be spanked? Mamma—Yes, dear. Little Eva—Well, she broke her arm today. Spank her, please.—Exchange.

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish or else will be your destruction.—Jeremy Taylor.

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Ox Marrow.
We want our readers to patronize us; it helps all around. The Oxonized Ox Marrow Co. advertises in this paper, and when you want a first-class dressing for kinky, harsh and unruly hair, go to your drugstore and get a bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or 50c a bottle.

House and Herriman.
The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.

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LONDON'S HISTORIC TOWER.

And the Poisoned Egg From Which Was Hatched the Great Charter.

Richard Davey in "The Tower of London" connects the historic edifice with the wrestling of the great charter from King John.

King John, it would seem, though legally married to Isabella of Angoulême, fell desperately in love in 1214 with "Matilda" or "Maud," "the Fair," the beautiful daughter of Robert, Lord Fitzwalter. This lady, remaining deaf to his entreaties, was treacherously abducted from her father's seat at Dunmow by the king's order and shut up in the round tower of the White tower. On this Fitzwalter made a vain attempt to rouse the people to revolt, but was forced to fly to France with his wife and remaining children. Maud once safe in the tower, King John renewed his suit, but only succeeded in driving her to utter silence, which so infuriated him that he sent her a poisoned egg for her breakfast, and she died early in 1215. A year later her remains were translated to the family vault at Dunmow.

When the news of this crafty murder came to the ears of Fitzwalter he forthwith returned to England and discovered to his joy that the barons were on the point of declaring war against John. He at once placed himself at their head, hoping, it is said, to combine his personal revenge with his duty as an English peer and is indeed supposed to have forced the king to sign the great charter for the express purpose of humiliating his daughter's murderer. Thus from an egg was hatched the great charter. Whether the story be true or false, it is a certified historical fact that the barons held the tower in pledge till John consented to accept the charter and affixed his reluctant signature to the deed.

About a year later, when the war with the barons was at its height and John once more a power, the tower again fell into his hands, and, though the barons laid siege to it, they were repulsed by the king's men. To complete its strange vicissitudes during this strenuous reign the tower became on Nov. 1, 1215, the temporary court of King Louis of France, whom the rebellious barons had summoned to assist in the adjustment of their grievances. Appearing before the gates with a large body of men, he so completely awe the officials that they handed over the keys without striking a blow for their rightful monarch.

FREAKS OF A RIVER.

A Stream So Crooked That It Doubles Crosses Itself.

There is a stream in Massachusetts called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate, and the river is forty miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream, and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it uphill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

The North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river, and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of Nov. 27, 1898, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanover where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for fifteen miles in doing it.—Boston Traveler.

The Open Fire.

The open fire is a primitive, elemental thing. It cheers with more than mere heat; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prince docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures, what activity, how social, how it keeps up the talk! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it rejoices when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Out or In.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah, then it's probably the Popeys' baby getting a tooth in!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Made It Lean.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean? Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.—Exchange.

The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.—Thomas B. Aldrich.

LINCOLN'S QUESTION.

It Stilled the Storm of Applause For His Opponent, Stephen Douglas.

Professor James T. McLeary of Mankato, Minn., who for fourteen years represented a district of his state in congress, told this Lincoln story:

"A friend of mine told me that when a boy he attended with his father one of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois. My friend's father was a Lincoln man, but the place in which that particular debate took place was a Douglas stronghold."

"Douglas spoke first, and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. The cheering and the hand-clapping at the end lasted four or five minutes. When Lincoln was introduced the crowd broke out into cheers for Douglas and kept it up for several minutes. Lincoln meanwhile waited patiently."

"When at length the enthusiasm had subsided Lincoln extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly got this he said in an impressive tone, 'What an orator Judge Douglas is!'"

"This unexpected tribute to their friend set the audience wild with enthusiasm. When this applause had run its course Lincoln, extending his hand again, this time obtained silence more easily."

"What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!" exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute."

"How well rounded his sentences are! How well chosen his language is! How apt his illustrations are!" ending up with, 'What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!'"

"Then when the audience had again become silent at his call Lincoln leaned forward and said:

"And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?"

"My friend told me he searched his own heart for an answer and found none. Afterward he asked his father if he could remember anything Judge Douglas had said, and the latter remembered practically nothing. 'But,' my friend said to me impressively, 'even now, half a century later, I can recall practically all that Lincoln said.'—Exchange.

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

How the Poison Acts When Taken as a Complexion Beautifier.

"You no doubt have observed the illly white complexion of some women. These women are sacrificing years of their lives for that beautiful skin by the use of arsenic," said a chemist of Manchester, England.

"It is a well known fact that thousands of women in all countries of the world use the poison in small quantities to bleach their skin. It is an effective means of whitening and clearing the complexion, but the complexion given by its use has no permanency unless the absorption of the drug be continued."

"Arsenic, as science has long told us, is an accumulative poison. When one takes it either by prescription for the upbuilding of an appetite or for the bleaching of the skin he does not feel any ill effects for several years. The effect of the drug is bracing and makes a person feel like eating. It also aids the digestion. The average user of the poison takes it in such small quantities that he does not realize how much of it will accumulate in his system in the course of four or five years."

"Being an accumulative poison, it often takes that length of time to see the results of the drug. Then the user may complain of not being able to control his fingers or toes. Subsequently he loses control of his hands and arms. Paralysis, superinduced by arsenical poisoning, is the fearful result.—Washington Post.

That Was Enough.

They were talking about the nosey women who knew everybody in the middle of the block.

"Apparently she's got it in for those people who moved away from 35 last week," said he. "What did they do to her?"

"Nothing," said she, "except to borrow her opera glasses the day before they moved and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on their back room furniture."—New York Times.

What Damp Means.

Learn to know what damp means, especially when used upon polished woodwork. Think it means wet and you will be reviling valuable information as "newspaper rubbish." Dip a cloth in hot water, wring it as hard as you can, then shake it in the air and it should have about the right amount of moisture.—Exchange.

The Missing Word.

A "new missing" word contest has just appeared. It is as follows: A good church deacon sat down on the pointed end of a tack. He at once sprang up and said only two words. The last was "it." Any one guessing the first word and sending a dollar in cash will be entitled to this periodical for one year.—Lippincott's.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."—Chicago News.

HEMMED IN BY LIONS.

An English Singer's Bad Case of Stage Fright Brought With It a Record Singing Stunt.

Stage fright of the sort that afflicted Whit Cunliffe, at one time a prominent singer in English music halls, is not avoidable. Fortunately also it is not common. At a place where he was engaged in Birmingham one of the attractions was a lion show, some of the beasts being really wild and untamed. Nearly the whole stage was taken up with the "setting"—the animal show.

"Just as I was going on," said Cunliffe in telling the incident, "I heard a hurried rush and confused shouting, and some one slammed an iron gate. I heard a voice say, 'Just in time; he was nearly out.' My music was starting, so I had no time to inquire. I went on the stage."

"In a moment I heard ominous growls and savage snarls mixed with much whiff cracking and strenuous breathing. I am never fond of a wild animal show, and I felt distinctly nervous that night. The cloth behind me sagged and swayed, and then, to my horror, suddenly in the wings I saw the huge head and front of a lion. 'I was singing a song called 'I Would,' which had a lot of short verses. As I sang them, my blood running cold, I watched the lion. It seemed slowly to advance, and its baneful eyes glittered in a truly horrible way. I could not go off that side without passing it, so I prepared to 'exit' with haste!"

"Turning, I was doubly horrified to see another lion on the other side."

"I was caught like a mouse in a trap. I dared not go off the stage; I dared not show my discomfiture to the audience. There was only one thing for me to do—sing. So I sang in desperation, hoping that some one would come and take those lions away. They told me afterward that I sang ninety-eight verses. But I think that was unlikely."

"I wondered how long it would take those two brutes to make up their minds to come into the full glare of the footlights, and I had just prepared to leap into the stalls, regardless of the consequences, when I heard the hoarse voice of one of the stage hands say: 'Ere, Bill, these two chaps are too far forward. Give a 'and with them, will yer?' And, coming up between the two lions, they lifted them bodily. They were papier mache!"

LIFE IN SANTIAGO.

Curious Customs That Prevail in the Capital of Chile.

They have women conductors on the electric cars of Santiago, the capital of Chile. This was made necessary by a war, which took so many men to the front and imposed upon women the work usually done by men. The custom has been kept up, the women having proved equally as efficient as the men had been.

One of the most peculiar customs seen here is the evening promenade in the plaza or park, which is attended by young ladies and young men and quite small boys and girls. They do not mix, but keep quite separate paths. Yet even the little girls at seven or eight years are finished coquettes. Their eyes languidly observe every man and boy in the plaza, and they take care that each shall receive a due share of their smiles.

Another curious custom which prevails in Santiago and which is joined by those fortunate enough to have fine horses and carriages is the promenade at the Parque Cousino, a beautiful park near the center of the city.

A company of mounted police stands in single file in the center of the drive, and the carriages, with uniformed coachmen and footmen and beautifully gowned women and fashionably dressed men occupying the carriages, ride around and around these mounted police.

Sometimes there are two or as many as six rows of carriages, some going in the opposite direction and alternating, the ladies smiling and the gentlemen tipping their hats in a polite manner. This promenading lasts from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 8 o'clock in the evening.—Logical Point.

The Moslem's Exalted Month.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to man in small sections. In that month Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—Christian Herald.

Getting On.

"How is your daughter getting along with her vocal lessons?"

"Splendidly, splendidly! She's got so now that she can say 'I can't sing without my music' just beautifully."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Little Joke.

"Mrs. Pufferly is tickled to death with the way she fooled the customs inspectors."

"How did she do it?"

"She didn't buy a thing abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dolly and Doris.

Nurse—Come, Doris. It is time for you and dolly to go to bed.

Doris—What's the use? Dolly's so tired she can't sleep, and I've got a touch of insomnia.—London Punch.

SHE SNUBBED MONROE.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Never Forgave the Former President For His Accusation of Her Husband.

A striking incident in the later life of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who survived her husband fifty years, is told in the words of an eyewitness in Allan McLane Hamilton's "Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton."

Mrs. Hamilton could never forget the behavior of Monroe when he, with Muhlenberg and Venables, accused Hamilton of financial irregularities at the time of the Reynolds incident. Many years afterward when they were both aged people Monroe visited her, and an interview occurred which was witnessed by a nephew, who was then a lad of fifteen. "I had," he says, "been sent to call upon my Aunt Hamilton one afternoon. I found her in her garden and was there with her talking when a maidservant came from the house with a card. It was the card of James Monroe. She read the name and stood holding the card, much perturbed. Her voice sank, and she spoke very low as she always did when she was angry. 'What has that man come to see me for?' escaped from her. 'Why, Aunt Hamilton,' said I, 'don't you know it's Mr. Monroe, and he's been president, and he is visiting here now in the neighborhood and has been very much made of and invited everywhere, and so—I suppose he has come to call and pay his respects to you?' After a moment's hesitation 'I will see him,' she said.

"The maid went back to the house. My aunt followed, walking rapidly. I after her. As she entered the parlor, Monroe rose. She stood in the middle of the room facing him. She did not ask him to sit down. He bowed and, addressing her formally, made her rather a set speech—that it was many years since they had met, that the lapse of time brought its softening influences, that they both were nearing the grave, when past differences could be forgiven and forgotten—in short, from his point of view a very nice, conciliatory, well turned little speech. She answered, still standing and looking at him: 'Mr. Monroe, if you have come to tell me that you repent, that you are sorry, very sorry, for the misrepresentations and the slanders and the stories you circulated against my dear husband—if you have come to say this, I understand it. But otherwise no lapse of time, no nearness to the grave, makes any difference.' She stopped speaking. Monroe turned, took up his hat and left the room."

In this connection it may be said that the oft repeated story of the meeting of Mrs. Hamilton and Aaron Burr many years later on an Albany steamboat is a fiction, but it was probably suggested by the Monroe incident.

Hanged For Stealing Golf Balls.

Some sharp punishment has lately been meted out to men convicted of golf ball stealing, and one boy was sentenced to six strokes with the birch. The offenders, however, may congratulate themselves that they live in a merciful age.

In 1637 at an assize in Banff a lad of the town, having confessed to stealing a few trifles, including some golf balls, was actually hanged for the offense. The indictment ran that he was "a ne lewd liver and boy of an evil lyff, and conversation, and ane daylie remainer fro the kirk in tyme of dyvne worschip." The humane judges "ordaind the said Francis to be presentie tackit and carlet to the Gallows hill of this burgh and hangit on the gallows thereof to the death."—London Graphic.

Want Advertisements, London, 1893.

I want a young man that can read and write, mow and roll a garden, use a gun at a deer and understand country sports and to wait at table and such like.

I want a complete young man that will wear livery to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play on a violin or a flute.

I want a genteel footman that can play on the violin to wait on a person of honor.

If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter tenor voice I can help him to a place worth £30 the year or more.—From Sampson's "History of Advertising."

Illusions of Life.

Life is like a beautiful and winding lane—on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fall, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived to reach a desert waste.—G. A. Sala.

Knew When He Was Well Off.

Sanitarium Doctor—So Mrs. Pittsfield was here while I was away?

Nurse—Yes, sir. She wanted to take her husband home, but he said he preferred to stay here.

Doctor—I've suspected that case all along; the man is not crazy at all—Puck.

What He Saved.

Mr. Hubb—I haven't saved a dollar since I married you.

Mrs. Hubb—Oh, what a fib! You've saved nearly half you had in the bank at that time.—Boston Transcript.

A Matter of Choice.

Maud—Miss Oldum declares that she is single from choice. Ethel—That's true. The man she expected to marry chose another.—Exchange.

LEGAL NOTICES.

W. C. MARTIN, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court. No. 18354. Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters of Administration on the estate of Robert Kurney, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the voucher thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of September, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 22d day of September, 1911.

JANE A. WASHINGTON,
125 C St., S. W.

Attest:
JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills of the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

W. C. MARTIN,
Attorney.

B. L. GASKINS, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court. No. 18317. Administration Docket. Estate of Hannah Fuller, deceased.

Application having been made herein for probate of the last will and testament of said deceased, and for Letters Testamentary on said estate, by Daniel E. Wiseman, it is ordered this 15th day of September, A. D. 1911, that Philip Reels, Robert Reels, Edgar Robinson, Victoria Ross and James H. Fuller, and all others concerned, appear in said Court on Monday, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the "Washington Law Reporter" and the "Washington Bee" once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return day.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
Chief Justice.

Attest:
WM. O. TAYLOR,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

B. L. GASKINS,
Attorney.

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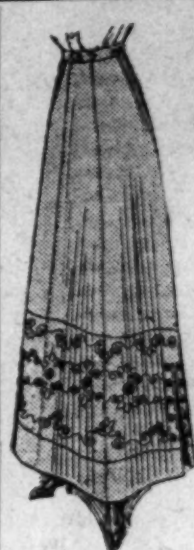
Worsted, Cheviots,
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All satin lined and finished. A
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MRS. ELIZABETH HOLLIN DEAD

Mrs. Elizabeth V. Hollin, beloved wife of Mr. J. W. Hollin, and a faithful member of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, departed this life at her late residence, 1211 Linden Street, Northeast, this city, at 7 o'clock last Sunday morning. Mrs. Hollin had been a great sufferer since last March, and spent most of the past spring and summer in Atlantic City and Jersey City with relatives in the hope that a change of climate might improve her health, but although her husband, relatives and friends did all in their power for her recovery she gradually grew worse until last Sunday morning, when she passed from labor to reward. Mrs. Hollin was a faithful and active member for many years of Queen Mary's Household of Ruth, of the G. U. O. of O. F., and also belonged to the Ladies' Reliable Relief Association and to the Provident Relief Association. She was greatly beloved by her numerous friends and relatives, who, along with her husband, feel deeply her loss. The funeral was largely attended, and was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. I. N. Ross, assisted by Rev. Dr. J. Milton Waldron, pastor of Shiloh Baptist Church, of which the husband, Mr. J. W. Hollin, is a prominent and faithful member.

The floral offerings were numerous and exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Hollin is especially grateful to the societies to which his wife belonged, and to the pastors and members of Metropolitan and Shiloh churches, and to the numerous friends who did all in their power for the comfort of his wife during her long illness, and showed genuine sympathy with him and the members of his family in their sad bereavement, and he takes this means of expressing to one and all his hearty thanks and deep appreciation for their sympathy and kindness.

Mrs. Hollin left behind a glorious testimony and a record as a Christian and wife which the husband, relatives and friends will treasure as a blessed memory and which will serve to allay their grief since she has made her peace, calling an election sure, and is only waiting in that Heavenly land for the coming of those she loves.

Sad Funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Minnie Mason (nee Chisolm), who died on the 24th of September, took place from her father's residence, 1915 Eleventh Street, on the 27th of September. The services were conducted by Rev. Brown, pastor of St. Luke's Episcopal church. Rev. Frank Grimke was also present to assist. A large number of friends and acquaintances were present. The floral tributes were many and of beautiful designs.

Interment was made at Harmony. Mrs. Mason was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chisolm, two of the best known citizens of Washington. She was a most amiable young woman in the city and one of high culture. Being so young, it made the occasion sad. The Bee extends its condolence.

Death of Miss Scott.

The funeral services of Miss Sabirah Scott, daughter of Eustice and Victoria Scott, were held at Miles Chapel on Sunday, October 1, at 2 o'clock, P. M. She was a pupil of Class 2, of the Normal School, a member of Gethsemane Chapter, Order of Eastern Star No. 4. The interment Tuesday, October 3, at Harmony Cemetery.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Of Coatesville, Pa., and Others, Indicted by the Grand Jury for Lynching.

Officers and Citizens Charged With Various Degrees of Murder and Police Force Censured by Jury.

Coatesville, Pa., Sept. 28. The chief of police of this place, one of his subordinates and two residents were arrested as a result of indictments returned by a grand jury that investigated the lynching and burning to death of Zack Walker, a Negro murderer, near this place on August 13.

The jury returned indictments against Charles E. Umstead, chief of police, and Stanley Howe, a police-

An Announcement

I take pleasure in advising my friends & patrons that my fall and winter samples which include all the latest designs, are now ready for your inspection.

My nobby business suits, made in the best possible manner, range in price from \$18 to \$25. The care in cutting and fitting these suits is equal to that given to \$50 suits, in short, it is the best that money and experience can secure.

I have added to my business department in which cleaning, pressing, altering and repairing is done in a way that guarantees satisfaction. You can arrange to have this class of work done by the month.

Whenever I can serve you in anyway, I would be pleased to receive your order and allow my work to speak for itself.

Very respectfully,

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man, charging them with involuntary manslaughter; Richard Tucker, an insurance agent, and Walter Markward, the latter two being charged with murder.

Judge Butler admitted the two police officers to bail in the sum of \$2,000 each, and committed Tucker and Markward to prison without bail. Bonds were furnished for both policemen.

The grand jury held that the chief of police was lax in his duty on the night of the lynching, and that Policeman Howe, who was guarding the Negro at the hospital from which he was taken by the mob, made no effort to prevent the lynchers from getting their victim. The other two men were charged with being active participants in the mob.

Entire Police Force Censured. The grand jury report censures the entire police force of Coatesville. Burgess Shampos and the Brandywine fire company for failing to further the ends of justice. The citizens of Coatesville and vicinity having knowledge of the lynching are condemned because their attitude during the inquiry hampered the work of investigation. Judge Butler in discharging the grand jury, said: "That more information has not been obtained is no disgrace to you. You have shown everyone that the law must be supreme. Murder by a mob differs only from murder by an individual because the former is more cowardly."

The jury reported that it found that the mob had acted like a holiday one and we regret to add that it was a few women."

Eight Others Indicted. In addition to those named, eight others, three men and five youth, are already under indictment in connection with the lynching.

Mrs. Stewart Returned.

Mrs. Ellen Stewart, wife of Attorney J. N. Stewart, who left for Tennessee last week to attend the funeral of her father, Leonard Foster, who died there Friday, September 20th, has returned. Many of her old friends and associates were glad to see her.

IT FAILED.

(From the Broad Ax, Chicago.) It was up to Cincinnati and Washington, D. C., to put their feet down on Jim Crow Theaters. The colored papers of the District refused the advertisements of the Howard Theater unless they put in a colored manager. Messrs. Rosenthal and Benedict have had a rough journey ever since they put white people at the head of the theater. They have had two white managers, and still they can't make the sensible people give the Howard enough support to make the enterprise pay. The owner made a mistake when he announced that the Howard was exclusively for the Negro. It did not sound good to the classy people of that city, but as it was opened under the management of a Negro who at once sprang into popular favor by announcing that under his management the Howard Theater would cater to all classes, regardless of color, and under Negro management the house had an excellent chance of educating the people to high-class shows, but Benedict & Rosenthal had many advisers who were not color blind but did not care to look at other than a white manager. So, with the coming of a white manager, the Negro saw the return of Jim Crowism and the Howard became of no interest. The policy of white managers was to give free tickets to all white people that would accept them and find seats as far from the Negroes as possible, and

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FOR PREVENTING HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF SCALP. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. GET THE GENUINE. PUT UP IN 25c AND 50c BOTTLES WITH CHARLES FORD'S NAME ON EVERY PACKAGE.

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made public announcement that unless the Negroes supported the theater they would turn it over to the whites, but, unfortunately for the owners, they built their theater on a site more fitting for a colored church than a theater for whites, and the theater will go down in history as the missing link.

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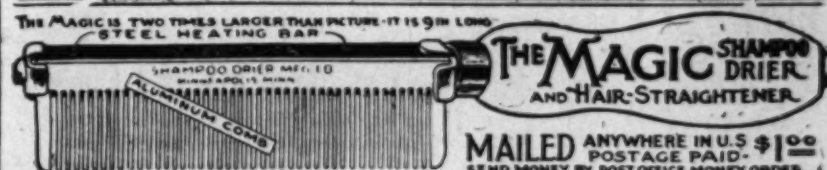
\$48 Suite, tapestry covering	\$39	\$55 Suite, inlaid, silk plush, loose cushions	\$42
58 Suite, french velour covering	\$45	\$88 Suite, silk tapestry covering	48
\$66 Suit, silk plush loose cushions	\$50	\$92 Suite, panue plush loose cushions	\$72
\$78 Suite, silk plush loose cushions	\$60	\$97 Suite, silk plush, loose cushions	75
\$80 Suite, silk plush loose cushions	\$64	\$184 Suite, best quality genuine leather library style	\$146
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